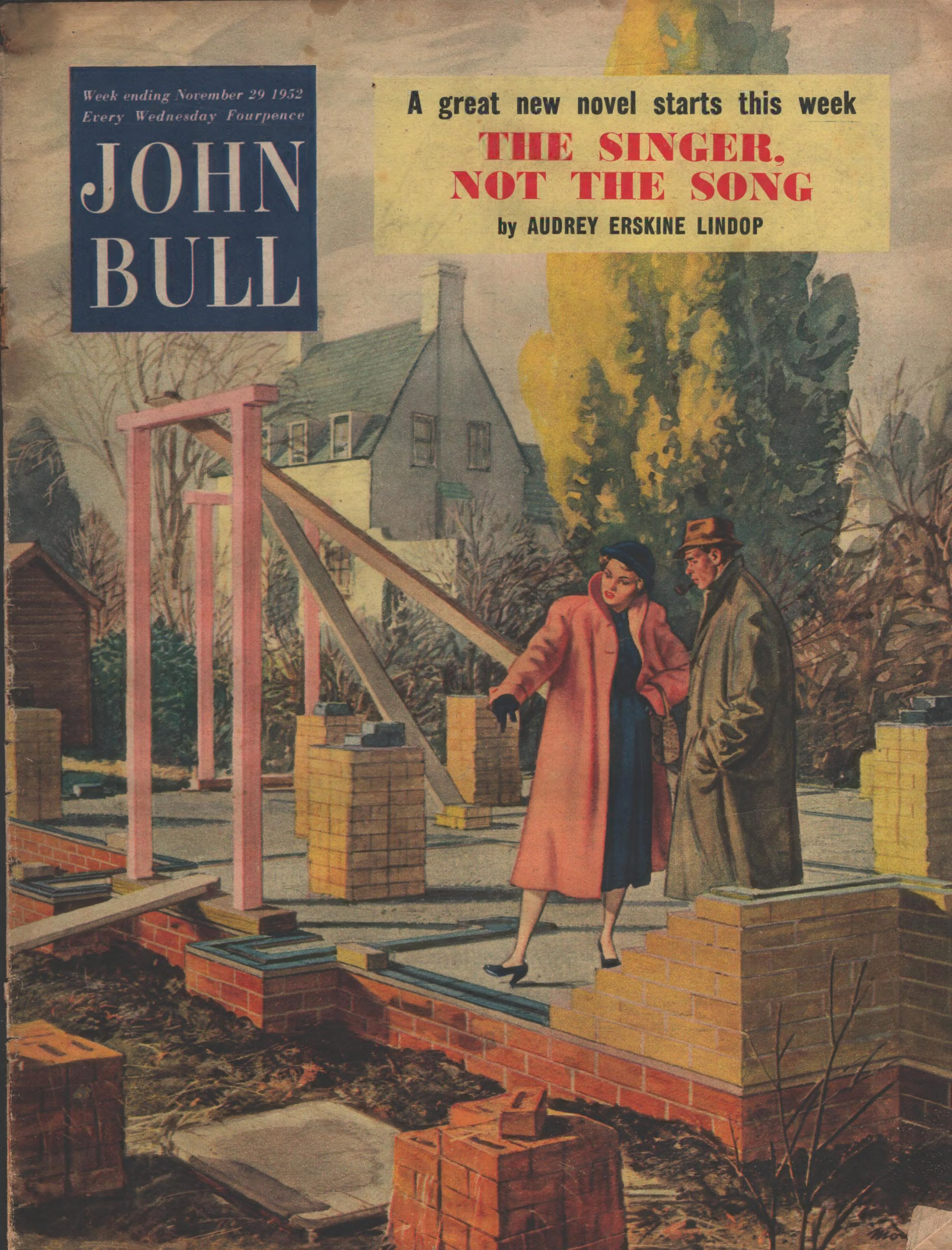
Week ending November 29 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

A great new novel starts this week

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP



They all went by Nine

My last party faded out so miserably, I swore I'd never give another. Then Verna got engaged and . . .

That morning I had an inspiration.

JUST LOOK HOW LATE IT IS
WITH CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE
THIS IS THE WAY TO END A PARTY
THERE'S TIME FOR ANOTHER CUP PLEASE MRS. WILLIAMS

CADBURY'S

Drinking Chocolate

It's Cadbury's at all my parties from now on. That's the drink to round off the evening with- Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate. Rich, smooth, sweet and frothy. Just like the chocolate you can remember from the old days. And, it's as easy as anything to make, too.

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(Note to wise housewives: always keep a tin in the store-cupboard!)

1/4 A HALF POUND TIN.

A stout that banishes tiredness

—and it's not bitter!

Most stout has a slightly bitter taste, which many people like. But Mackeson's is rather smoother and softer — and some greatly prefer it. They find fresh strength and life in every glass, when the long day's work is over at last.

MACKESON'S

. . . you'll like it better!

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"Nell Gwyn" Regd. Marmalade

Famous for fine Quality

Awarded to all Crosbie's products

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CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD COMPANY LIMITED

EDITORIAL

TV truths

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, who is a member of the Coronation Committee, has given his views on TV. "The world would have been a happier place if television had never been discovered," he says.

Earlier this month, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Garbett, agreed, making a four-point indictment:

"(1) Viewing may occupy far too much time. It cannot be combined with work, which must be abandoned for the chair or sofa in the darkened room. (2) It may become a substitute for intelligent thought and reading; forty-two per cent interviewed in a B.B.C. survey stated that their reading had diminished. (3) It may bring into the home sensational and horrific pictures. (4) It may become the means of subversive and political propaganda."

IT would seem that the Archbishops would like to break the screens of every TV set, after the fashion of the Luddites, who, 130 years ago, smashed all the machinery that they could find.

DR. GARBETT
On stronger ground . . .

But a wish to put the clock back is futile. There are now 1,800,000 sets with audiences of up to 8,000,000.

This domestic revolution is far from being deplorable. It is helping to bring families together. It is keeping youngsters off the streets. And millions more are able to join in religious services who previously were not able or did not bother to attend church. Dr. Garbett is on stronger ground when he ceases to attack television in general and turns his attention to some of its uses. "The possibility of a consistently high standard will be considerably reduced if commercialized television is allowed," he says.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Government does not agree, and in May this year announced that, as soon as capital resources allowed, competitive private stations would be permitted.

Since then, a major company has been formed to run commercial TV stations, and is hoping to launch its first programmes by the end of 1953. Films to fill in the time between advertisements are already being planned.

The Government has appointed a new Television Advisory Committee, and the fixing of frequencies for commercial stations is among its first tasks.

Sponsored television might well give the Archbishops—and the public—cause for complaint.

It is to be hoped that the Government will think again before allowing super-salesmen into the nation's living-rooms. And leave us to enjoy what is now, on the whole, an inoffensive pleasure.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

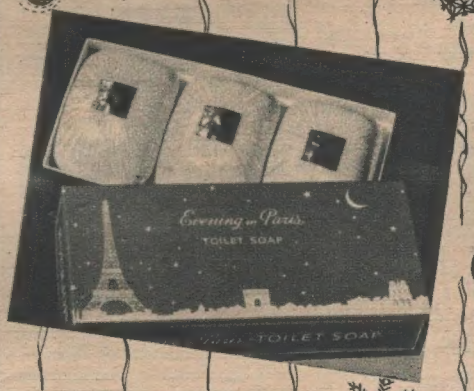
BILL MORDEN enjoyed painting this cover. An engineering draughtsman before he became a commercial artist, he likes practical subjects, and his hobbies are wood turning, metal work and furniture making. Strolling around the building sites near his home in Kent, he has watched many a couple planning their dream house. The young wife on the cover obviously has everything neatly sorted out. Minor details, like the mortgage, are *his* pigeon.

Tick the Gift you'd like best...

THEN LEAVE THIS WHERE HE CAN SEE IT!

FIRST PRIZE! "Evening in Paris" Cologne, Perfume, Rouge Compact, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder. 37/9

CHAMPAGNE? But *she'd* prefer it full of "Evening in Paris" perfume. 5/-



FOR THE GIRL YOU REMEMBER—three luscious tablets of "Evening in Paris" soap. 3/9

DUAL CONSPIRACY—"Evening in Paris" Perfume and Face Powder. 6/9

Gifts from 3/9 to 37/9!

ENDEARING and EVENING IN PARIS

BY

BOURJOIS

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The **ELECTRIC** *game with* **FLASHING** *answers*

Here's a grand electrical quiz game, simple to use and exciting to play. Provides endless fun for your party and hours of amusement when alone.

Questions are asked and if the answer is right on goes the light.

Complete with twelve quiz cards at good toy shops and stores **15/-**

Series of six extra cards 2/6
(Three different series available).
From good toy shops and stores.

If your dealer cannot supply write for descriptive leaflet and name of nearest stockist.

J. W. SPEAR & SONS LTD., DEPT. J.B.
ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

INGERSOLL INTERVIEWS

Ed. Marlow, lorry driver, says:

"I go all the way with Ingersoll"

"My old Dad was right. Trust an **Ingersoll**, he said. I've got to know the right time on my job—so Ingersoll it is. And tough! It's as tough as the Great North Road. What's more, even if it gets broken accidentally, the Ingersoll ALL-IN FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE covers me . . . . Getting up on time? Never a worry since I bought my Ingersoll Alarm. I'm up on the dot."★

INGERSOLL WRIST WATCH
(5 jewels)
62/6

★ *Ed. Marlow relies on an*
INGERSOLL LEGION ALARM
22/6

ASK FOR INGERSOLL AT YOUR LOCAL JEWELLER
If in difficulty write to
INGERSOLL LTD.
95, INGERSOLL CORNER, RUISLIP, MIDDX.

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—THE RIGHT TIME TO BUY

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
NOVEMBER 29, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2422 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

Free Speech

A shock for the new councillor

RECENTLY elected to a borough council, I had some pet ideas which I hoped to see quickly carried out—clearing unsightly signs and advertisements; setting up a chiropody centre for old-age pensioners, constructing a practice running track for budding athletes. Six months' work on the council has shown me, however, that the difficulties are greater and the powers of a local council more limited than I suspected.

Each sign must be dealt with individually by a personal visit to the site and a lengthy process of application to the county council. Even then, as compensation may be paid, the number that can be cleared in any period is limited. We had no powers to set up the chiropody centre; it was a matter for the county council and, in any case, would not get past Government restrictions on expenditure.

After all this, I was relieved to find that the council had powers to make a running track. But, as it involved raising a loan, this idea, too, was frowned on by the Government and had to be dropped. I am still working on these three schemes, but I know now that they will all take a lot longer than I had thought.—R. H., Middlesex.

In The Know

HAVING been a grocer for many years, I agree with your correspondent who said ("Free Speech," November 8) that

many shop assistants show surprising ignorance of the goods they handle. Sometimes it is amusing ignorance, too. I had one assistant, aged fifty-nine, who had been in the trade all his life. One day I was amazed to hear him telling a customer that the difference between a can of garden peas and a can of processed peas was that the former were grown in a garden and the latter in a field.—M. G. I., London, E.13.

Longer Memory

TELEVISION programmes will have to take account of the fact that we appear to have two memories, visual and oral, and that the visual memory is more efficient. I have noticed that when radio plays are repeated, although I know from the title that I have heard the play before, I cannot recall the story until I hear it again. Yet plays I have *seen* performed, even twenty or thirty years ago, I remember quite well. —V. M. W., Leeds.

Breaking Up Words

HAVING been an infant teacher, I should like to answer your correspondent who wrote ("Free Speech," November 8) of the indignation caused when parents begin to teach their children to read before they go to school. Most parents try to teach the sounds and names of letters and so build up words. This was the way years ago, but it is now believed to be wrong. A beginner would never take a clock to pieces, without ever looking at it as a whole. Why should a child have to do this with a word? I have a year-old daughter, but I shall not attempt to teach her myself. — MRS. WINIFRED MALAM, 58 Hastings Avenue, Gosport, Hants.

A Place To Practise

TYPEWRITERS should be installed in special practice rooms at our local libraries, so that students from commercial colleges or evening classes could put in a few hours' practice in the same way as academic students use reference books in the reading rooms. There should also be music

A sparkling new story by Tom Hopkinson

A GIRL'S GOT TO LIVE

In John Bull next week

practice rooms, complete with pianos and other instruments, where students of music could practise. I am sure they would be willing to pay a small subscription. — KENNETH J. WALKER, Rosedene, 26 Lyndhurst Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

Hitler's Boyhood

WHILE I was a prisoner of war in Austria, working at a small forestry camp near Vienna, I came across a notice which confirms Alan Bullock's story of Hitler's childhood and, perhaps, adds an extra fact to it. Our daily march took us through the village of Döllersheim and, at the outskirts there was a board stating that Adolf Hitler's grandparents had been born there and that he himself had attended the local school.—S. JEFFERIES, 36 Glendare Street, Bristol.

. . . Glancing at the photograph of the author of your articles on Hitler, one might almost think they had been

Hitler

Bullock

written by the Fuehrer himself. With apologies to Alan Bullock, of course. —MRS. I. WEBSTER, 32 Scarborough Road, Walsall, Staffs.

"Not the first time this has been mentioned," comments Bullock. "My wife says she does not mind, so long as the likeness does not extend to character." His story of Hitler's life continues this week on page 15.

Keeping Shops Open

YOUR editorial on later closing of shops (JOHN BULL, November 8) took no account of the work involved before and after opening hours. I am a greengrocer, open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., but my day starts at 7 a.m. and ends at 6.30 p.m.—L. GAULTON, 149 Heyworth Street, Liverpool.

. . . It seems to me that shops are run entirely for the benefit of the shop assistants and often with complete disregard for the housewife. In our little coast town, they take an extra day off each month, even in the summer months of July and August, so that visitors arriving on that day are often in difficulty.—SHOPPER, Troon, Ayrshire.

. . . Shop assistants cannot fairly be compared with workers in a public service where a shift system operates. For them, later closing means longer working hours.—D. COLEMAN, 33 Victory Park Road, Addlestone, Surrey.

. . . The Continental shops which Robert Boothby, M.P., noticed staying open until late at night are small shops operated by the shopkeeper and his family, not the large stores with employees to consider.—MRS. R. H., London, S.W.7.

Her Own Detective

DON Everitt's article on the housewife's detective (JOHN BULL, November 8) made me wonder how gullible the average woman is. I weigh almost everything, especially when starting at a new shop. I check cartons, such as soap powder, to see which contains the highest weight for the money. A pair of scales is a housewife's best investment, and it is a good idea to let the shopkeeper know that you own them.—MRS. V. J., Newport, Mon.

Open And Shut

Artist Malcolm Haylett at the half door of his Cornish home

ARCHITECTS and home planners would do well to bring back into fashion the half doors now seen only in ancient cottages. Our childhood home had one and, winter and summer, the half door was open, giving extra light and air. The baby was prevented from crawling out and the animals from straying in. Mother could keep a watchful eye on affairs outside, while the kitchen retained its cosiness.—MISS R. RAYNER, 44 Rivington Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Not What He Seemed

PAUL Brickhill's articles "Escape—or Die" have brought me quite a surprise. When I was a prisoner of war in Germany in 1943-44, I thought I knew Sergeant Cyril Rofe. But the photograph of him which you published is not the Cyril Rofe that I knew. The explanation, of course, is quite clear. I did not know Cyril Rofe—only his substitute. There were many such substitutes, as we all knew, but this illustrates how well-guarded such secrets were. It makes me wonder how many of my closest friends of those dangerous days were just what they seemed.—Ex-P.O.W. 16272.

Two Kinds Of Divorce

CHURCH leaders are worried about the increasing divorce rate, yet parsons continue to marry couples without inquiring into their spiritual outlook. Many couples are married in church merely because of custom. Ministers of religion should refuse to preside over what are, in effect, glorified secular ceremonies and, when application is made for a divorce, the law should enforce a longer waiting period for those who married in church than for those who merely used a register office.—ROBERT B. KELLY, 6 Dean Avenue, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THAT BOUTIQUE LOOK . . .

There's a fashion that started in Paris for gay and amusing clothes to be worn just for the fun *of it. They're original and different, and sold in little shops called Boutiques. "These are the clothes for me," says Ann Todd. "I love their gaiety. And of course I* keep *them bright and gay with Lux. Lux leaves my precious things so* soft."

"I keep my woollies pretty and soft with Lux" says Ann Todd

FOR INFORMAL entertaining at home when friends "drop in" for coffee Ann Todd loves to relax in the casual elegance of a wide, dark skirt teamed with a fashion-pointed fine wool blouse. "I love my skirt with its encircling white bobble braid—the wide-sleeved blouse that boasts a matching navy under-collar" she says. "I see they're washed—like *all* my precious things—only in gentle Lux."

Yes, Lux is the safest thing there is for delicate clothes. It doesn't contain harsh chemicals to spoil the *finish* of fabrics, making them harsh to the touch. *Feel* Lux-washed things yourself—they're just as soft as can be! And your hands stay *velvety*. You'll find as well that you can wash more things through in Lux than you can with an equal quantity of other washing products, so you can see it will be an economy. Lux comes in three sizes; try the new Magnum-size.

LUX

If it's safe in water, it's safe in LUX

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Special Christmas Pack 12 *for* 7/2½

WILLS'S WHIFFS

The little cigar with the BIG *reputation*

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JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LIMITED, HALIFAX

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SPECIAL DRY GIN
The gin of incomparable quality—'the heart of a good cocktail'. Bottle 33/9d. ½ bottle 17/7d. ¼ bottle 9/2d. Miniature 3/7d. U.K. only.

ORANGE GIN AND LEMON GIN
Delicious on its own, with tonic water or a splash of soda. Bottle 32/-. ½ bottle 16/9. Miniature 3/5d. U.K. only.

'SHAKER' COCKTAILS
'There's no comparison'—seven appetising varieties mixed by experts and ready to serve from shaker bottles. Bottle 21/-. ½ bottle 11/3d. Miniature 2/5d. U.K. only.

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February 1st is
SHELL DAY

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YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

** In addition to the normal distillation process, Shell's British refineries use catalytic-cracking, selective polymerisation and re-forming processes to produce the finest possible "balanced" petrol.*

Father Gomez prayed silently. Father Keogh, his heart wrung by the little priest's agony, could not take his eyes from Malo's pitiless face

Beginning a great new novel—the story of a priest's temptation

The Singer, not the Song

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

IT WOULD NOT be an easy interview. The bishop was aware that the priest he appointed to the parish of Quantana might well be facing death. He touched a bell on his desk and said to the secretary who answered it: "I will see him in ten minutes."

Beneath the bishop's window the crowd jostled. It seemed in perpetual danger from the impatient congested traffic. There were times when it struck the bishop as little short of a miracle that the scene below was not transformed into one colossal and fatal collision. There were times when he gritted his teeth looking down on the shining, moving mass, appalled at the recklessness of a driver determined to outdo a rival. If he opened his windows the noise fell into the room, almost solid in its deafening intensity. The bishop, country born and bred, could never accustom himself to the noise. He kept his windows closed against it whenever he wished to concentrate. He closed them himself before his interview with the priest.

He spent the ten minutes praying that he had made the right choice, and he prayed for the man he had chosen.

The bishop was a trifle uncertain of his own powers of judging character. He saw the best in everyone. He was genuinely able to make allowances where others failed to do so, and

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The bishop knew he might be sending this young man to his death. He prayed that he had done the right thing

to give the benefit of the doubt however undeserving. Already he had interviewed four priests, and all were good men, but he knew in his heart that it was going to be the fifth.

The bishop prayed, and finished, sighing, and then he rang the bell and Father Keogh was shown into the room. The bishop re-liked Father Keogh on sight. He was neither diffident nor overbearing. He was respectfully and unaffectedly at ease.

The bishop thought: how *difficult*. It's all very well to say that it's easy to sum people up, but supposing there's nothing to sum up, supposing people are obviously admirable at first glance . . . it's all very well. . . . He gazed down at the report on Father Keogh. . . . Father Keogh's academic qualifications were adequate, but not outstanding. Hard work in difficult circumstances could have left little time for asceticism.

"Courageous, resourceful and forthright," the bishop read.

Father Keogh watched anxiously as the bishop read. He knew the four priests who had been interviewed before him. He envied every one of them. They were Mexicans and had therefore an immediate advantage over him. Father Keogh had been to Spain; the language was not difficult for him. But his service had been mainly in America.

The bishop raised his eyes from his desk. "Father Keogh, your record has shown that you are able to carry the word of God in a straightforward manner which can be very efficacious. It is rare indeed to find someone with the ability to keep his own superior education in the channels where it can be of most service—who has the plain approach which can carry the word of God straight into the hearts of his fellow men without being tempted to encumber it with his own brilliance."

The bishop felt that he was explaining as tactfully as possible the reasons why he had decided to make use of a vigorous personality rather than erudite distinctions.

Father Keogh did not disguise his delight.

The bishop said: "This is your first visit to Mexico. How does it strike you?"

"I think I was most impressed by the changes in the scenery, my Lord. Some of it reminded me of Ireland. It has to be pretty good green to come up to an Irishman's standards!"

"Ah!" smiled the bishop. "Mexico has somewhere like everywhere else, but nowhere has somewhere like Mexico!"

THERE was a map on his desk. He put the point of a pencil on it and drew a circle round a tiny speck in a cluster of shady mountains.

"Here we are," said the bishop. "It looks like a mountain eyrie, doesn't it?"

"Quantana," read Father Keogh. Then he fingered a sheaf of papers written in a close and slanting hand. "Is this Father Gomez's report, my Lord?"

"Yes," replied the bishop, and paused. He knew that the priest was impatient with him, not intolerantly, but with the desire of a younger man to hurry the business in hand and cut short the dalliance of the old. He smiled at Father Keogh, and it was a smile that touched his eyes before it reached his mouth. He was eating salted almonds. "I love these things," he admitted. "So I only allow myself six a day, and this, I'm afraid, is my sixth."

Father Keogh leaned across to push the little silver dish away. "Shall I put them out of your Lordship's reach?"

"Oh dear me, no," said the bishop. "One must resist temptation, not remove it." And he drew the small dish back again, and sighed a little over it. Then he met Father Keogh's eyes above his folded hands.

The bishop continued: "Father Gomez was rather a special protégé of mine. I always had great faith in him, and I'm afraid I must claim it as a point in my favour. He had an exceptionally nervous disposition which gave him a somewhat unprepossessing personality."

"But he proved his mettle in the persecution days," Father Keogh said.

"He did indeed," said the bishop, with enthusiasm. "He remained at his post—if post it could be called, considering such posts had been abolished. His life was in constant danger, he was frequently near starvation, he was ill and he was badly wounded. As you know, in those lamentable times there were many priests shot, and any number forced to flee the country. But Father Gomez managed to avoid both extremities. The Church has every reason to be proud of him."

"It certainly has," said Father Keogh.

"There was one incident . . . Father Gomez was celebrating the mass in the Hua caves. Somebody must have known about it, for someone informed the commandant. The Hua Ledge is a sort of terrace rock. And while the congregation made their escape from the caves, Father Gomez came out on to the ledge and drew the fire of the soldiers. They hit him twice, but it gave the rest of them time to get away. . . . Now read this report."

IT bore a date only three weeks old. Father Keogh read: "His real name is Anacleto Gonzales Flores Comachi Alvarez. They refer to him here as Malo, the Bad-One-of-the-Cats. I knew his family well. The father was killed before he was born. The mother was a bad woman morally, but a faithful Catholic. She gave me shelter once. She is dead now. Anacleto was her only child and his mother could never control him. He grew up in times of turbulence and strife. He grew up in a state that had denounced religion and looked upon the violation of the Church as patriotism. His heroes were villains and the creed he was fed upon was one of violence.

"I do not know his history from the time I was forced to leave the state, but one can only suppose that it left much to be desired. From time to time I heard tales of him. He was raiding villages and terrorizing the whole state before he was twenty-one. His minions

"Are you going to stay here?" asked the child.

SO MUCH TO SAY . . .

Success . . . but her cooking suffers

WHEN Audrey Erskine Lindop had finished *The Singer, Not The Song*, and sent it off to her publishers, she had a sudden sense of let-down. She had been working at high pressure for months. There had been so much she wanted to say in the novel. . . . Had she said it? Was the book any good?

For a fortnight, her depression increased. She wanted to recall the manuscript, but her husband dissuaded her. To take her mind off it, he took her out into the country one weekend. They walked for miles and, later, called in at a pub. By chance, they met an executive of her publishers.

She was about to blurt out that the book was a flop and she wanted it back, when he gripped her hand and congratulated her. "It's a fine book," he said. "The best, most mature work you've ever done."

He didn't add that it was quite different in theme from anything else she had ever written. He didn't have to. At thirty, with five novels behind her, Audrey Erskine Lindop has a reputation for bewildering her public and publishers. No two of her books are alike.

Her famous *Soldiers' Daughters Never Cry* was a light, *risqué* love story, and it made her name. The critics asked for more. Instead, she wrote *The Tall Headlines*, a powerful study of the effect on an ordinary family when a son is convicted of murder. This novel, too, was successful, and was filmed with Mai Zetterling, Michael Dennison and Dennis Price.

Since her first novel (written when she was twenty-five), many people have assumed from her name that she is an American. In fact, she is the daughter of an Indian Army colonel, and spent her early childhood in India and the Far East.

Married to Dudley Leslie, the playwright and scriptwriter, she writes between the housework in their London flat, and says that the prospect of filming *The Singer, Not The Song*, though extremely exciting, isn't doing her cooking any good.

Father Keogh smiled. "I think so," he said, twirling the flower. "Won't Malo kill you?" she said politely

are as merciless as himself. He served a prison sentence in Mexico City, but it seems to have had little effect upon him.

"During the last few years he has achieved complete domination in Quantana, and his influence is felt as far as Huapan, Arenales and Cerro Colorado. That I have failed to check this lamentable rise to power I cannot deny. You will have to send after me a true soldier of the Church. He will need to have endurance as well as courage. The police, too, have little support. They are not strong and those who are not directly in Anacleto's pay have, in turn, no support from the town. The people think it safer to protect Anacleto from the police than trust the police to protect them from Anacleto. They consider this last as a risk."

FATHER KEOGH paused, then read on slowly: "The Church (in my hands) is also powerless. He has crippled the people's faith. He has severed them from the Church. If they had its protection and its solace they would not fear him, and if they no longer feared him they would have the courage to denounce him. But the fear of reprisals is great. Those who make a stand pay dearly for it. But those who comply are safe, so the people are law-abiding, according to Anacleto's law.

"We are, of course, far away from help in the isolation of our mountains, and in the rains we are completely cut off. The people are afraid to come to church. I have had as few as three to mass and not more than one for confession, and these few are taking a risk. It is as bad as the days of the persecution. They know that the Church will urge them to fight against Anacleto and they believe that the Church would lose that fight. They consider *me* the trouble-maker. I do not envy the new priest his task. As for me, I am completely unworthy of it.

"Again, without making excuses, I must tell you that this Anacleto is not an ordinary man. He has an unworldly patience. He has a high percentage of Indian blood in him, and he has also a curious affection for cats. It is not kindness that makes him like them. He has no kindness in him. In the village they say that when the moon is full he turns into a giant white cat and roams the mountainside. Certainly Anacleto has something in common with cats. He has their uncanny insight and intuition. They are the only living creatures for which he shows any respect, and he has one other thing in common with them. He likes best to play with his victims. He seldom kills outright.

"'Malo' was a word used so often in connection with him, even in his infancy, that it took the place of his proper name. He is cruel beyond ordinary cruelty. It seems to have taken the place of religion with him. He has great personal courage, and I believe that in this lies his mastery over lesser men.

"To give an example of Anacleto's insight, I will quote a childhood incident. It was during my fugitive days and I had returned to seek refuge in Quantana. It was then that his mother sheltered me. Anacleto was a very young child. Afraid that he might give me away by childish chatter, his mother hid me from him. She fed me and let me rest on her own bed. It was during the rains and my clothes were drenched. Believing that Anacleto was safely asleep, the woman put these nondescript rags to dry before a fire. Anacleto discovered them. As I have said, the mother was not a moral woman even at a time when morals were inclined to be lax: I could have been one of any number of lovers behind the locked door of her room. The child must have been used to seeing men every night, and it was indeed this fact which made me think it safe to take shelter with her.

"But Anacleto took a broom handle and poked my clothes well into the flames of the fire. This might have been an extraordinary prank of a child brought up in such circumstances, who might have thought it amusing to put his mother's lover in an embarrassing position. But he did not destroy my shoes. He took them, with their gaping holes and their tell-tale marks of blood from my blistered feet, and put them side by side on the commandant's desk. Quite remarkable sagacity in a child so young. Fortunately the mother discovered the theft before the soldiers came. She lent me some clothes of her own and I escaped as a woman.

"Such, then, was Anacleto at five years old. At five-and-twenty he ruled Quantana. Where he failed to strike against me as a child, he has succeeded as a man. I am old and I am tired, and I am powerless against him."

As Father Keogh put down the report, the bishop said: "You must not judge the whole of the country by this one little black spot. Until it fell under this bandit domination Quantana was no different from any other town."

"It seems extraordinary," Father Keogh said, "that they cannot get help from outside."

"In these country places you will find the Mexican curiously unconcerned with what goes on outside his own vicinity. And then, as you saw from the Gomez report, Quantana doesn't *want* help. That will prove your biggest difficulty, Father."

"This Malo sounds quite a problem," Father Keogh admitted.

"This Malo sounds more than a problem," the bishop said. "He would put the wind up me. Father Gomez has met his match. The reason I wanted to show you that report was not so much that I didn't want you to underrate Father Gomez—but because I did not want you to underrate his *match*."

* * *

Three days later, Father Keogh walked up a steep road which covered his boots in white dust. He stood on a rocky parapet and looked down upon Quantana.

It was olive-shaped, narrowing at either end into a collection of straggling adobe huts. From the height of the rock, little flower-decked patios sent a bright checked pattern throughout the town. A colonnaded building, faintly pink, caught the sunlight in its windows. The mountain tops jigged in the sun, tier upon tier of them, until they fell back and were lost in a hazy line.

Father Keogh turned and walked down the hill. On his way he passed a big house, perched on the rock like a colossal wedding cake.

A child was picking flowers under the old stone wall, and as Father Keogh passed her she handed him one through the gates.

"Thank you," Father Keogh said. "That was

Both priests remained seated as Malo came in. The peon made a small formal bow with his head. "I have come to apologize, Father," he said softly. "You have received no welcome to Quantana"

a very nice thought." He gave her a smile.

"I've got a tortoise," the child informed him.

"Have you?" he asked. "What's his name?"

"Malo."

"Malo!" Father Keogh said, and his clearly marked eyebrows went up. "What's that in aid of? Tortoises don't like cats!"

"Yes they do, my kitten rides on his back and they go for miles and miles together; sometimes they go into Huapan and back."

"I think that's a bit of exaggeration." Father Keogh smiled, "Huapan is over a hundred miles away. I don't think they'd go there *and* back."

"Oh, yes they do," she assured him earnestly. "They go farther than that and back."

"Who are you?" he asked. "What's your name?"

"Dorotea Rosalia Teodora Maria-Cristina de Cortinez y Ketter. But I'm always called Locha for short."

"I'm glad to hear it," Father Keogh said.

"Are you going to stay here?" the child inquired.

"I think so," Father Keogh smiled, twirling the flower.

"Won't Malo kill you?" she asked him politely.

"I hope not," Father Keogh replied. "But why should he? He hasn't killed Father Gomez."

"Oh, well," said the child, "you see, he's no need to. Father Gomez doesn't matter much."

"What makes you like Malo so much?"

The child looked shocked. "I don't *like* him. I don't know him. He isn't our kind."

"Then why do you call your tortoise after him?"

"Oh, well, he's useful sometimes. He stops me from going to church." She put her foot through the trellis of the iron gate and lifted her weight on it.

"Don't you ever go?" Father Keogh asked.

"Oh, yes, Josefa's an awful silly. She often sneaks me down."

"Who is Josefa?"

"My nurse. She says if you don't go you drop down dead. Josefa's a terrible silly. But I think church is silly."

FATHER KEOGH licked his lips. "What makes you think it so silly? Don't you believe in God?"

"Oh, yes, if you don't, you drop down dead. It's just church that I think is silly. Our Father, Hail Mary, Our Father, Hail Mary! It's stupid," giggled the child.

Father Keogh was feeling the heat. "Are your parents good Catholics?"

"Well, mother is 'nothing' and father's 'immersed in his books.'" She appeared to be quoting somebody.

"I see. And what do they think of this 'Gran-Señor-of-the-Cats'?"

"He's not a gran señor, he's a peon! Silly old Father Gomez says he's the devil in disguise."

"Silly old Father Gomez!" said Father Keogh with a touch of asperity. "Don't you know that it's very rude to talk about people like that?"

She shook her head, nibbled her arm and mumbled at him: "I wish I hadn't given you a flower now."

"Well, would you like it back?" He offered it to her and she screwed up her face, debating.

"I'm considering," she said. But she forgot it and confided importantly: "Silly old Father Gomez is the silliest man I've met. Do you know —the last time I went to confession, do you know what he made me do? He made me say ten 'Our Fathers' and six 'Hail Marys' and three 'Glory bes.'"

"I should think so, too," said Father Keogh, "I should make you say more than that."

"Like hell you would," she laughed.

Father Keogh asked her gently: "Do your parents know you use language like that?"

"Of course not," the child retorted. "And I don't suppose they'd care if they did. Do you

Continued on page 22

Charles Willi studies a patient's face as he plans how to operate. A face-lift costs about fifty guineas; few people, he says, have it out of mere vanity

Mr. Willi makes new faces in half an hour

by ***KEITH ELLIS***

He can straighten noses, bolster weak chins, whisk away bags under eyes and lift whole faces. But he still says that the best way to look young is to keep healthy

EARLY in 1941, a man in the uniform of a British Army captain entered a house in Hampstead, London, and emerged a few days later with a completely different face. His chin was more prominent. His eyelids were tighter and his nose, previously straight, was now proudly Roman. His ears were smaller and lay closer to his head.

Charles H. Willi, the man who accomplished the metamorphosis, explains: "He was a Czech who had volunteered to be dropped into occupied Czechoslovakia. He was well known there and had to be completely unlike the photograph the Germans had of him. When I finished, his own mother wouldn't have recognized him."

As often happens with his patients, Willi never heard of him again. Willi, a dapper man with lithe hips and a bulging chest which belie his sixty-nine years, has been changing faces for nearly half a century. He is jovial and vivacious, but when he talks of "aesthetic plastic surgery" his eyes lose their twinkle and become dreamy.

"I have the great gift of sculpture," he explains in his Swiss-German accent. "Plastic surgery is an art, perhaps the most difficult in the world. You can never make a failure or the future of your life isn't worth to live."

Besides beautifying ears, straightening noses and bolstering weak chins, Willi frequently rejuvenates ageing women by lifting the whole face. He can eradicate the tiny red veins on a strawberry nose and whisk the bags from under a drinker's eyes. Scars, frowns and wrinkles vanish under his scalpel. He has exercised his great gift of sculpture on kings, princesses, singers, sailors, artists, kitchen-maids, diplomats, and army officers—a total of more than fifteen thousand operations. He has treated many more men than women.

One man came into Willi's office with a face as ugly and wrinkled as an orang-outang's. "It bore the infernal ravages of sorrow." The man showed him a ticket which certified that he was a lifer who had been released after serving fifteen years at Dartmoor. He was thirty-seven.

Willi, a keen student of men, asked him what he had done. The man said he had married at

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Hannah and the orange tree

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

There'd been precious little romance in her marriage, and she knew she could never have a child. The tree was her hope and her joy

YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT that Jim Wilson was the last man in the world to find any interest in small, delicate things. He was so big and lumbering and expressionless and over-worked. Shepherd at Ninestones from the age of fourteen to forty-six, he seemed to have the solid, insensitive nature of the fells themselves.

True, at thirty-nine, he took a day off to marry Hannah Thwaite, a large, awkward-looking girl with a kindly face, a few years his junior. But it seemed merely a good-natured business arrangement. They had the offer of the cottage attached to Ninestones, and she would be useful to care for the poultry, and a pig or two, and maybe a few geese in the field down by the beck.

The first mention of the orange tree came one Sunday afternoon at tea-time. The kitchen was extra tidy, and Hannah had set out her best cups and saucers, because they had visitors. Her sister Mary was married to George Burn, a nurseryman from near Carnforth, and this prospering pair had decided that a lovely day in late August was ideal for a run in the car up to Iredale.

During tea, Jim sat at the table eating slowly and listening, while the other three chatted.

Hannah was complaining bitterly of the difficulties of growing flowers in their small back garden. Even if you gathered a bit of earth, and formed a little patch, and wired it round, the sheep would be forever jumping over and nibbling it bare.

"What you ought to do," said George, "is to grow a plant or two inside, in pots." And then he mentioned the miniature orange tree. Plant a few pips in a pot, he said, and keep cutting off any green shoots level with the earth. After, say, a couple of years, let one of the shoots go on growing. Providing you kept it warm and moist, it would become a real little orange tree, with blossoms followed by fruit about the size of garden peas.

The whole idea was so fairy-like, so different from the drab, everyday life here, that at once it caught Hannah's fancy. She asked a lot of eager questions, and George and Mary explained in detail how they had grown one themselves. Jim remained amiably dumb.

The upshot was that Hannah planted some pips in a pot, and placed it on the ledge under the kitchen window. George sent her a small lamp, to be used in very cold weather. It burned for forty-eight hours on one filling. She was quite excited when microscopic green shoots peeped out of the soil. Perhaps, in some dim way, they helped to appease the emotional hunger of her childless marriage. She knew she could never have a child; it was her greatest sorrow. It almost hurt her to have to cut back the shoots.

For long months Jim took no part in the experiment. Not that he scoffed at it. But it was no concern of his. On occasion, having supper, he would glance across at the pot, and grin slightly, and say with tolerance: "Titchy little things."

Yet, as they gradually became part of the household, he began to get interested. By the time two years had elapsed, and they allowed one single green wisp to continue growing, his regard for it rather resembled his attitude towards a sickly, motherless lamb brought up on the bottle.

It was at this period that rumour got around that Dalehead, an isolated sheep-farm clinging to the very skirts of the fells, would soon be vacant. Jim put in for it and got it. By scraping and borrowing, he managed to buy the four hundred Herdwicks belonging to the farm.

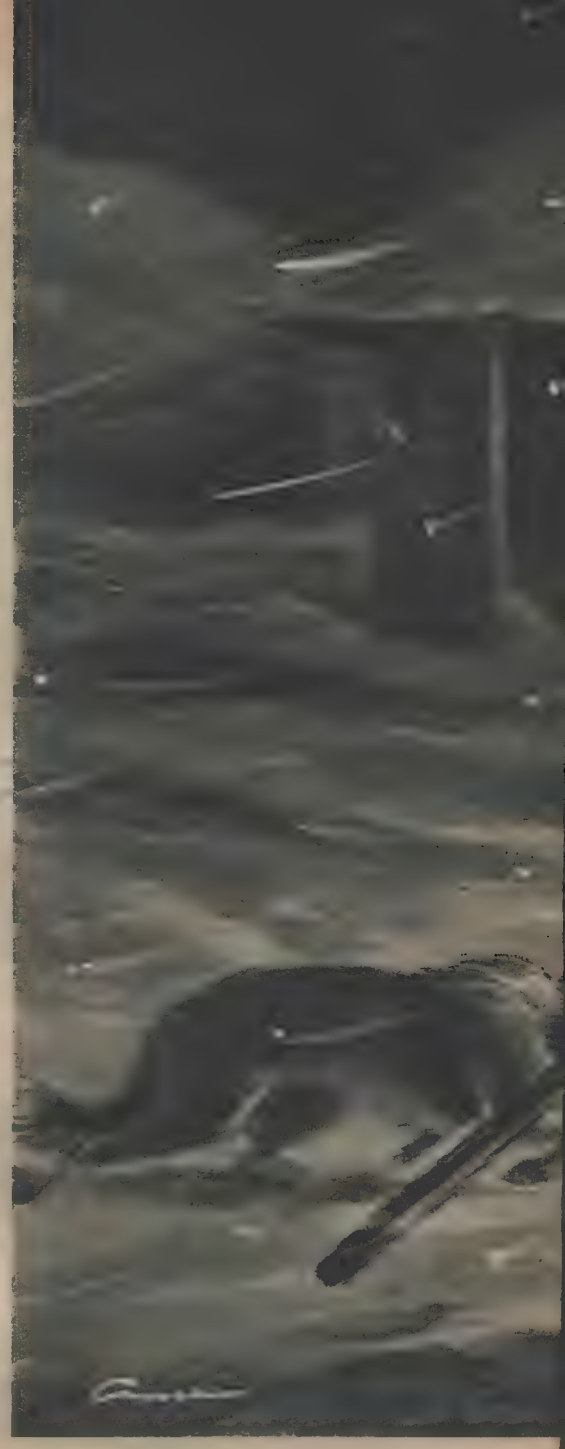
There was going to be an awful lot of work for him and Hannah. That was no daunting prospect. They had never known anything else. They moved in, and by now there was more than a green shoot sprouting from the flowerpot. It had shaped itself into a tiny, delicate shrub, worthy to be called a baby tree. They found a special spot for it, a snug cubby-hole of an outhouse, with a window facing south. There it was installed, with the lamp to keep it warm and flourishing.

FROM then onwards, Jim had scant time to give it any attention. There were a thousand and one things to be done before winter clamped its cold hand down over the dale. Hannah was busy enough, too. After such jobs as cleaning the poultry run, and milking and mucking-out the four cows in calf, she found a peculiar delight in the contrast of tending to the fragile, elegant little tree. It was so utterly different from the harsh might of the fells.

They had trouble that back-end. Two of the cows died from redwater, a disease sometimes discovered too late to cure. A neighbour remarked: "You've had bad luck."

Jim sucked his empty pipe impassively and said: "Ay, middling, middling."

A second blow fell in late November when



Hannah opened the door, and the

sheepscab was detected among the adjoining flock. Jim had just returned his ewes to the fell, after bringing them down for breeding. It meant another strenuous gather, plodding up to the three-thousand-feet altitude, and chivvying the sheep together from their dizzy haunts on ledges and crags and scree slopes.

The dipping for scab took place on a day of bitter east wind. Helped by a neighbour, they completed it by four o'clock. Skins of ice were forming on their hands, and the dip draining from the fleece hardened into icicles that clinked as the sheep drifted away up the fells.

The neighbour expressed forcible opinion about the conditions.

Jim said placidly: "'Tis middling, middling."

After dark, he strolled into the outhouse to have a look at the orange tree. In here, with the perpetual lamp, it was warm. He regarded the tender green shapeliness for a while, and came back into the kitchen.

"Reckon it's got one or two buds," he told Hannah.

"I know." Her long face creased into a happy smile. She resembled a mother being congratulated on the growth of her bonnie babe.

The orange tree flowered. In stark February, with the fields outside greyish, and the fells the colour of steel, hard and lifeless and yet threatening, the orange tree was a cluster of tiny white blossom, a fragment of young life belonging to sunshine.

Jim would go in and stare at it and sniff its

lamplight flooded out through the driving snow. As she saw Jim plodding wearily towards her, she cried out. He looked all in and appeared to be limping

fragrance, and say to Hannah unemotionally: "George was right."

Hannah was looking forward to the next stage of the marvel, the fruiting. Presently, the blossom gave place to green beads, the size of match-heads. She pictured them slowly swelling and colouring into oranges, real oranges, though no bigger than elderberries. The thought gave her a warm feeling inside.

On a still Saturday night in March, three of those beads were showing a flush of rich yellow. On the Sunday morning, Jim was awakened by the abnormal hush of a normally silent place. White light hurt his eyes. The land was sunk under a vastness of snow. The window-sill was plump with it. The stone wall surrounding the stack-yard stood half-buried. He roused Hannah. She would have to dig a way to the byre and the hens, while he went aloft in search of sheep smothered under drifts.

Downstairs, he cut bits from an old tyre, used as a feeding trough for the hens, and nailed the rubber to the soles of his clogs. That would stop the snow from sticking to them. He collected a spade and a long pole, fetched two of the dogs, Gyp and Fleet, and started off up the steepish trod at the back of the farm. He had to go carefully. Nowhere was it less than knee-deep.

The snow had stopped falling, and there was a patch of blue above. But beyond that a leaden pall kept narrowing the skyline. There was a sigh that changed to a moaning. Then the wind came out of the north-east in a shrieking rush, and he was plodding head down through a whirling white maze.

He got to the lip of the first terrace of the fell, eight hundred feet up. Vision was limited to blanched nothingness. The sheep might be anywhere. His decision was to tackle the spots where there might be deep drifts and test them with the pole. Wherever great granite outcrops projected, on their windless sides the snow might be anything up to thirty feet thick.

A few days of snow would do scant harm. Herdwicks could survive a long while beneath drifts, their warmth thawing the snow under them to uncover the herbage, and boring air holes up through the white roof. But if it went on for two or three weeks, heavy losses were certain. Those that survived, their fleece peeled away and looking like goats, would be unfit to lamb.

Fleet and Gyp moved ahead of him through the swirl. They were making for Brock How, the nearest big outcrop. He walked in a cautious circuit, testing the snow in front of him.

The sky cleared. It was a brilliant blue. The wind boomed and screamed and throbbed. The distant fells stood out as if carved from white marble. He could see Scafell, and up from its summit flared a giant plume, snow whipped from the ground in a mounting vortex.

With his hidden feet firm on a ledge of rock, Jim thrust the pole forward, deep into the snow, prodding, testing, feeling. The end of the pole pushed against something soft yet resistant. He drew the pole out and plied the spade, cutting a deep, sloping trench. He reached the ewe and pulled her out, none the worse for a night of burial.

"E-Fleet! Bide!"

The dog kept the ewe just beyond the entrance to the trench. Jim continued digging. There were likely to be others. He would send them up to a windswept tilt he had noticed, where heather tufts showed up black against the snow.

From nine drifts he extracted a total of forty-six ewes. Patiently, the dogs chivvied them up to the tilt. They would stay on that arctic shoulder for a while, and then, unless the blizzard abated, they would edge away to the base of some rock-face for shelter, and get buried again by the snow flowing over into the lull. But it was the best he could do. There was no food for them down in the dale. They must either fend for themselves up here or die.

It was dark when he set off for Dalehead. He had been digging steadily for twelve hours. On the way home he stopped, without realizing it, on a flattish boulder thinly coated with snow. The rubbers on his clogs had torn off hours ago and now the steel caulkers underneath acted like toboggan runners. His feet shot away. He grabbed at the air, twisted, and as he fell, struck the boulder with his left elbow and knee. Pain stabbed fiercely. He grunted, got to his feet, and plodded on. The damaged knee checked his pace. The elbow pulsed hotly

Continued on page 27

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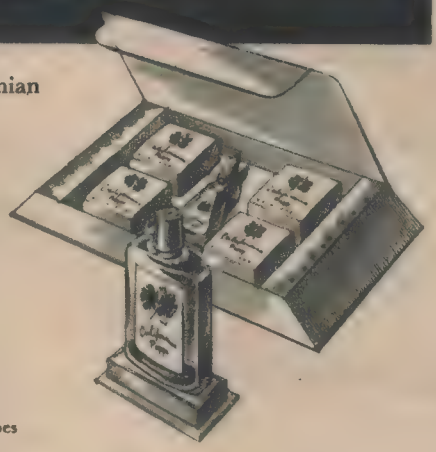

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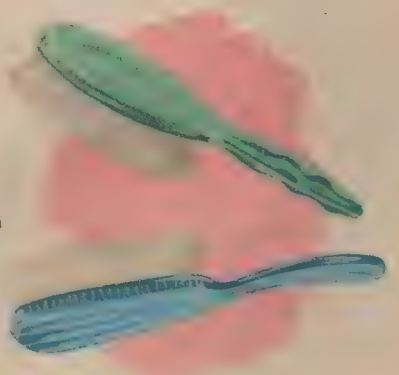

Halex SOLVES YOUR PRESENT PROBLEM

Adolf Hitler (4) *Alan Bullock describes how Hitler used his Storm-troops to gain power—then murdered the leaders on the...*

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES

ON THE EVENING of Monday, February 27, 1933, few Berliners were about in the neighbourhood of the Koenigsplatz. Just after nine o'clock, a student on his way home past the massive Reichstag building heard the sound of breaking glass and saw a figure at one of the windows. He went in search of a policeman, and found one at the corner. Scarcely had the policeman reached the roadway opposite the broken window than he saw a light flickering to and fro inside the building, and a moment later tongues of flame. Germany's parliament building was on fire.

As soon as the alarm was given, fire brigades came roaring through the streets. The police were still looking for the man at the window. The evidence of incendiarism was plain. Fires had been started independently of each other in several parts of the building, and the firemen would have their work cut out to save anything.

Suddenly a man was seen running along one of the corridors. He was stripped to the waist, dripping with sweat, his hair matted, his face streaked with dirt. He made no attempt to resist arrest and was taken away by the police.

His name was Marinus van der Lubbe, a Dutchman by nationality and, as it soon appeared, a Communist. Beyond that the police could get nothing out of him. He admitted having started the fire, but it was obvious that the job had not been done by one man alone.

Meanwhile Goering, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, and Hitler, the new Reich Chancellor, had arrived on the scene. Hitler was obviously excited. At the beginning of February Goebbels, the sharp-witted propaganda boss, had written in his diary: "In a conference with the leader we arrange measures for combating the Red terror. For the present we shall abstain from direct action. First the Bolshevik attempt at a revolution must burst into flame. Then, at the given moment, we shall strike."

Three days before the Reichstag fire, the police had raided the Communist H.Q. and reported the discovery of plans for a Communist rising. Now the Reichstag went up in flames and the incendiarist, caught red-handed, admitted that he was a Communist. It was obvious, Hitler declared, that they had to deal with a determined effort to start a reign of terror and seize power by force.

Next day the fire provided Hitler and Goering with the excuse they had been seeking to declare a state of emergency, suspend all the constitutional guarantees of the rights of the citizen, and arm themselves with overriding powers. With the elections only a week off it was a remarkable

Hitler at an S.A. rally. Directly behind is gross Ernst Roehm, whose "imperishable service" won Hitler's praise—and, soon after, a death warrant

coincidence that the "incident" should have occurred so conveniently for the new government. Here at last was "confirmation" of the danger of revolution against which Hitler had so long warned the German people.

The coincidence, however, had been well organized. An underground passage linked Goering's official residence as President of the Reichstag (the equivalent of Britain's Speaker of the House of Commons) and the Reichstag building across the street. Through this, a small group of Nazi Storm-troopers, picked and rehearsed by Karl Ernst, the deputy leader of the Berlin S.A., made their way on the evening of February 27. They carried cans of delayed-action incendiary preparation which they scattered liberally over curtains, carpets and chairs. Their job done, they quietly retired by the way they had come.

But the real coincidence was the discovery of van der Lubbe, a half-crazed young Dutchman, who had been picked up by the S.A. a few days before when trying to set fire to a building in another part of Berlin—apparently as a gesture of protest against a world which he hated. The chance of using him was too good to be missed, especially as at one time he had been a member of the Communist Party.

Conspirator Who Talked

He was carefully groomed for the part of dupe, and shortly after the S.A. gang had returned by the underground passage (part of the plot about which he knew nothing) van der Lubbe clambered in through one of the windows and proceeded to set fire to the building on his own account. He had been at work for only a few minutes when the chemical spread by the real incendiaries took fire and the whole place went up in flames.

The secret was well kept. Then an S.A. man named Rall, a criminal with a prison record who had taken part in the exploit, became disgruntled at Karl Ernst's failure to pay the promised bonus, and made a statement to a magistrate at Neuruppin when he was brought in by the police on a charge of burglary. The Gestapo acted swiftly; he was brought to Berlin for examination and never seen alive again. Shortly afterwards, his body, clad only in a shirt, was found hastily buried in a field outside the city; he had been strangled.

Van der Lubbe said nothing and was subsequently put to death for arson. The attempt to incriminate the Communist Party broke down and the three Communists who had been arrested had to be released. But by that time the Communist Party had ceased to exist in Germany and the Reichstag fire had served its purpose.

Who Sups With The Devil . . .

Hitler had become Chancellor of Germany on January 30, 1933, as the head of a coalition government in which his conservative colleagues had a clear majority over the Nazi members. Von Papen, the Vice-Chancellor, who had been the broker in the political deal which preceded the formation of the new government, was convinced that he had tied Hitler's hands and tamed the revolutionary force of the Nazi movement. He reckoned, however, without his host: he who sups with the Devil, von Papen was to discover, needs a very long spoon.

For Hitler was equally determined to rid himself of the limitations Papen had placed on his power, and to make himself the dictator of Germany. He set about his task with characteristic cunning.

The first step was to dissolve the Reichstag and hold new elections: to this the rest of the Cabinet agreed after the most explicit assurances from Hitler that, whatever the result of the elections, the composition of the government would not be altered. The date of the elections was fixed for March 5. The Reichstag fire a week before, the boost which it gave to the Nazi campaign against the danger from the parties of the Left, and the free hand which the Nazis claimed under the emergency decrees to beat up and intimidate their political opponents, helped to raise the Nazi vote to close on forty-four per cent of the poll.

Convinced that the day for which they had been waiting had at last come, the S.A. gangs let themselves go in an outburst of violence. The police, who had already been purged by the rough hand of Goering, were under strict orders not to interfere. To make doubly sure, Goering announced that the regular police needed to be reinforced (against the danger from the Communists, of course) and called up 50,000 auxiliary police; the greater part of them S.A. and S.S. men who had only to put on a white armband to assume the full authority of the State. It was the equivalent of handing over police powers to the razor and cosh gangs, who were now free to indulge their taste for murder, assault and robbery with impunity.

Even a foreign passport was no longer a guarantee of protection. On the night of March 10, five S.A. men broke into the apartment of two American citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Klauber, and proceeded to search it. Mrs. Klauber, who got in the way, was knocked down. Mr. Klauber went to the wardrobe to put on some clothes and was set upon by four of the men, who beat him with police truncheons—they were auxiliary police—while the fifth shouted out: "Look, four suits, while we've been starving for fourteen years."

Coshed Woman In The Face

When Mrs. Klauber asked the reason for the attack, she got the reply: "Jews! We hate you. For fourteen years we've been waiting for this, and tonight we'll hang many of you." When they had beaten the man unconscious, they demanded the couple's passports. Before they left they set on the man again and gave him a further beating. As they pushed their way out, one of them said to Mrs. Klauber: "Why did you marry a Jew? I hate them," and hit her a violent blow across the face with his truncheon.

Thousands of incidents like these occurred all over Germany, many of them more serious and involving murder and torture. It was now that the first concentration camps were opened, while the figures for suicides, especially among Jews, leaped up.

In spite of their success at the elections, the Nazis were still left short of a clear majority and, as Hitler was set on sticking to legal methods until he had established his power, he still needed to placate his partners in the coalition for a little longer. His object was to persuade the Reichstag to pass an Enabling Act conferring on him the right to govern by decree; to get this he required a two-thirds majority in the Reichstag.

The opening of the Reichstag session was fixed for March 21, and Hitler and Goebbels devised a form of ceremony which would be sure to appeal to the old President, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the army leaders and the conservative politicians who had taken the Nazis into partnership.

Shrine Of Prussianism

At no greater distance from Berlin than Windsor from London stands the royal town of Potsdam, the seat of the old Prussian monarchy, with the famous Garrison Church in which was buried the greatest of the Prussian kings, Frederick the Great. Potsdam and its Garrison Church represented the shrine of Prussian tradition, a holy spot for many of the older generation, and it was here that Hitler announced he would declare the Reichstag open, with a guard of honour from the army drawn up on one side and the S.A. on the other, as the symbols of the two Germanies, the old and the new, united at last.

It was a brilliant spring day, and the houses were hung with swastika banners side by side with the black-white-red flags of the old monarchy. In the church itself one whole gallery was filled with the marshals, generals and admirals of the former empire, all wearing their prewar uniforms and headed by Field Marshal von Mackensen, in the magnificent uniform of the Death's Head Hussars. The chair reserved for the Kaiser was left empty, and immediately behind sat the former Crown Prince. On the floor of the church were ranged the Nazi deputies in their brown shirts, flanked by the

Goering (left) and Himmler, the men who planned the murder of the Storm-troop leaders. Four hundred died in the purge. While the killings went on, Hitler was holding a tea party

Potsdam, 1933 : Chancellor Hitler bows reverently to President Hindenburg at the opening of Parliament. In the pompous ceremony Hitler pledged his loyalty to Hindenburg. In fact, it was a cunning move to placate the army and cloak his real aim : to seize full power and become President himself

Nationalist and Centre parties. Not a single Communist or Socialist was present.

When the door was thrown open, the audience rose to its feet. The members of the government entered the church in procession. All eyes were on two men, the Austrian, Adolf Hitler, clad in formal morning dress, awkward but respectful, and beside him the massive figure of the aged President, the Prussian field marshal who had first stood in this church in 1866 when, as a young lieutenant of the Guards, he had returned from the Austrian-Prussian War in which German unity was forged.

Slowly, the old man advanced down the aisle, leaning on his cane. As he reached the centre, he turned and solemnly saluted the empty throne of the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince.

Hitler's address was framed with an eye to the representatives of the old régime who sat before him. "By a unique upheaval," he declared, "in the last few weeks our national honour has been restored and, thanks to your understanding, *Herr General-Feldmarschall*, the union between the symbols of the old greatness and the new strength has been celebrated. We pay you homage. A protective Providence places you over the new forces of our nation." With these words Hitler crossed to the old marshal's chair and, bending low, grasped his hand: the apostolic succession had been established.

Alone, the old man descended stiffly into the crypt to the tomb of Frederick the Great. Outside, in the March sunshine, the guns roared in salute and to the crash of trumpet and drums the German Army, followed by the S.A., paraded before the President. As night fell over the capital, a torchlight procession swept through the Brandenburger Tor; at the Opera, Furtwängler conducted Wagner's *Mastersingers*.

It was a masterly stroke of propaganda. As the French Ambassador wrote: "After the dazzling pledge made by Hitler at Potsdam, how could the President and his friends fail to dismiss the apprehension with which they had begun to view the excesses and abuses of the party? Could they now hesitate to grant Hitler their entire confidence, to meet all his requests, to concede the full powers he claimed?"

The Courage Of Otto Wels

But the other face of Nazism was to be seen when the Reichstag met in the temporary quarters of the Kroll Opera House two days later. As the deputies pushed their way in, they could see behind the tribune a huge swastika banner filling the wall. Outside they had had to pass through a solid rank of black-shirted S.S. men encircling the building; inside, the corridors were lined with brown-shirted S.A. troops.

Hitler's opening speech was restrained, and he put forward the Enabling Bill with every effort to appear conciliatory. Then came the turn of the Socialist leader, Otto Wels, to speak. There was silence as he walked to the tribune, but from outside came the baying of the Stormtroopers chanting: "We want the Bill—or fire and murder."

It needed courage to stand up before the packed assembly—most of the Communist and a dozen of the Socialist deputies had already been thrown into concentration camps—and tell Hitler to his face that the Socialists would vote against the Bill. Wels spoke with moderation: to be defenceless, he added, was not to be without honour. But the very suggestion of opposition roused Hitler's fury. Brushing aside Papen's attempt to restrain him, he mounted the tribune a second time and gave the onlookers a taste of his real temper, savage, mocking and brutal. "I do not want your votes," he spat at the Socialists. "Germany will be free, but not through you. The star of Germany is in the ascendant; yours is about to disappear; your death-knell has sounded."

The Bill was passed by 441 votes to 94. The Nazi deputies leapt to their feet and, with arms outstretched in salute, sang the "Horst Wessel Song." Outside in the square, the huge crowd roared its approval. Hitler had made himself independent of the Reichstag, the President and the parties. The street gangs had gained control of the resources of a great modern state; the gutter had come to power.

In the next few weeks, Hitler proceeded to carry out his revolution—legally. Soon every party in Germany except the Nazi party was barred; the trade unions were taken over, their organization broken up and their funds confiscated. Nazi Party members were installed in all the state governments, and pushed their way into every department of national and municipal

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MY FRIEND, MINE ENEMY

by ***DAVID WALKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY MCNAMARA

Her father had died on a day like this—a day that began in the same ominous way. Now, too, there was the capsized boat, the grim empty sea. But this time she was grown up

THE TOLLING of the fog-bell on Thorpe's Island, the grumble of an ebb tide in the weir, the creak of boat against wharf, her own footsteps ringing hollow. She knew the muffled sounds of a foggy morning well.

"Here's the hammer," Mary said. She threw it down. Jake Watson stood forward above the cabin; her brother, Tom, was at the engine; Uncle Angus sat in the stern.

"Cook that steak right, Mary." Jake was a typical Canadian boy, big and young-looking. Him and his jokes, the girl thought.

"Beans is your dinner," she said. "If you earn it. What's the weather, Uncle?"

Uncle Angus sniffed at the air. "Might freshen up south at the turn," he said. "Cast off, then, and let's——" But she heard him catch his breath, staring across the cove.

Three seals had surfaced in a line, wet grey heads on grey water. They were close. They stared in their solemn, doggy fashion.

"The seals!" muttered Uncle Angus. His face was going grey under wrinkled tan. He could not take his eyes from them; nor could the girl.

"What's the fuss?" said Jake after a moment. "What's eating everybody?"

"It's an old thing," said Tom, her brother. "About three seals bringin' bad luck."

"That superstition stuff!" Jake laughed his loud laugh; three momentary ruffles in the water; then flat calm again; no seals. "We got work to do," Jake said. He was on a wage and percentage, a hired hand; but he acted like he owned the place. "Or you gonna stay home on account of three seals hunting breakfast?"

"You keep your mouth shut," said Angus Thorpe. He had regained his colour. It was the first time Mary had heard him put Jake Watson in his place. "Cast off."

They coiled the ropes bow and stern while Tom fiddled with the starter, and the boat drew away with the rasping blatter which is the noise of the fishing boats.

The girl wanted to call to them to be careful, but she could not do that. Jake stepped aft, sure-footed, jumped into the well. He turned to wave to her; she did not wave back. You could hate Jake sometimes, but you could never be unaware of him.

She watched them go to the mooring, take on the big flat scow, piled with brushwood, and the dinghy. Then the engine revving loud; a bow wave from the boat; the dinghy dancing light; square scow dipping its nose forward.

In a minute they had disappeared into the mist; the sound dwindled until she could hear the weir's voice again, and the melancholy fog-bell.

Mary Thorpe stayed on the wharf. It had been foggy thirteen years ago in September at seven in the morning, and she had seen her father's face and the face of Uncle Angus as they stared at three seals in the bay. "*The seals!*" they both had said, no more than those two words; and she, being just a kid of eight, had not known the family legend. They went away round Thorpe Island to the Funnel Weir. But that day they did not come back together. The Funnel spewed out her father's wrecked body and the wreckage of a dinghy.

Now again for the third time, or for the third generation. They should have stayed home this morning; but she knew that her father's brother had not gone out because of Jake's taunts. She was not sure why, but guessed that the warning, the superstition, was a challenge that Uncle Angus had to face.

OF course, she herself did not believe in it. Seals always came to the bay in the fall of the year. And three surfacing once and disappearing together—well, that was a rare coincidence. Very rare, she thought uneasily.

It was a coincidence, but it had come at a bad time.

"Jake Watson always knows better," Uncle Angus had said to her alone last night. "I can't tell him nothing. And now Tom's getting near as bad. If it wasn't that Jake's the strongest worker I ever had, I'd get rid of him tomorrow. He makes trouble."

Which was true. The two young men had ganged up on Uncle Angus. Worse than that, they had proved him wrong. One morning last week when it was blowing, Angus had said: "We can't seine in this." But Tom and Jake had disagreed with him. He had given way and they had taken thirty hogsheads—thirty thousand pounds of herring—on that tide without damage to seine-net or to boats or to themselves. At twenty-four dollars a hogshead, the price had been seven hundred and twenty dollars, good pickings in the late part of a lean season.

Mary turned now, walked back along the tumbledown wharf, and up to the house. She had been born here beside the bay. She stopped at the door. The boat sounded louder; they

Mary caught her breath, staring at the upturned din

were coming back on the other side of Thorpe Island; had reached the weir.

Weirs vary in design and construction; the principle of their operation is always the same. Herring, swimming in fairly shallow water, enter the narrow mouth of the weir. Once inside, instinct makes them follow the line of least resistance or least change of course. The mouth eludes them, and they continue to swim round until the fishermen come, close the weir and seine the herring. It sounds simple.

ANGUS and Jake manoeuvred the scow into the weir. Tom took the boat over to the mooring buoy in a sheltered inlet, rowed the dinghy back, and they were ready to start work.

In those waters driftwood was the great bugbear. The day before, a big baulk—twenty feet long by two feet square—had broken into the weir. By the time the full force of a spring flood had pounded it through the other side, it had made a mess. Fortunately, none of the main stakes of the weir's framework was broken, but there were gaps in the brushwood enclosure.

The Thorpes had owned the weir for seventy

ghy. There was no sign of any wreckage, or of the three men who had set out that morning to fish. For a moment, she was too stunned even to move

years. It was famous, the most famous weir on that jagged coast and the most dangerous, for a bare stone's throw from the weir, the channel narrowed between cliffs. Through this gorge stormed a thirty-foot tide, filling and emptying the wide inner bay. At high water or at low ebb, the Funnel, as it was called, could be more placid than a mill stream; at half tide in either direction it was a furious cataract which no boat had ever survived. The real cause of viciousness was not the tide-race itself, but the hell brew of rock and broken ledge that lay hidden in the cold green depths. The Funnel was a bad place, and beautiful.

The Thorpes fished two other weirs inside the bay, and fished them profitably in good years—but the Funnel was the weir of great success and failure; no one could forecast from day to day, from month to month, or from season to season, when the herring would elect to take, or be harried into taking, this turbulent passage rather than the easy one beyond Thorpe Island.

They started on the south side, working fast. They had only four hours.

Jake selected spruce saplings—thick foliage along their length—and handed them to Tom, who sank them vertically, he and Angus peering down into the water between scow and weir, making sure the space was filled.

Down below, the green wall of spruce waved vaguely, tenuously in green water, but it grew again into a solid barrier, or solid-seeming to the herring, if and when they would swim their trapped circle.

"That'll do," Angus said.

They manhandled the scow from stake to stake round to the other side of the weir. The sky was lighter; a puff of air sent mist swirling. It was freshing up as Angus had said.

To the north, cliffs narrowed in an inverted V to the Funnel. The water there was placid, too, and only thirty feet of damp red rock below high-water mark gave a hint of the flood which soon would pass that way again. But even now in its quiet time the Funnel had menace. Angus looked once at it and worked on. "We'll need to hurry if that wind gets up behind the flood," he said.

"Them seals this morning," said Jake suddenly. "That kind of old boloney puts me in mind of the day before we were due to parachute at Arnhem. You know what happened to me? First broke my mirror, then upset the salt, then saw a black cat, then, would you believe it, thirteenth man to jump. Well, I came through safe. It cured me of superstitions—not that I ever did believe that stuff."

Tom himself was uneasy about those seals. How could you help it when your father and your grandfather . . . ? But he laughed as he took the piece of brush. Jake had worked for them over six months, time enough to know what kind of a man he was, and to admire him—tough, fearless, never a care in the world, massive and light on his feet. Jake was as good as he looked.

Angus said nothing. He glanced over his shoulder to the south. There were mares' tails in the sky. "It's blowing up strong," he said; "and herring on the move."

For a moment they watched the gulls, countless numbers, brown and white, wheeling, diving, squabbling, half a mile away; their mingled

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Smiling Sammy, the gentle 'killer'

by WILFRED GREATOREX

The baby-faced boy with the sensitive manner was something new in boxing. Now he is tipped as Britain's next world champion

EVEN HARD-BOILED RINGSIDERS stared one evening last June when a baby-faced, fair-haired, round-shouldered feather-weight with a large and innocent smile left his corner of the open-air ring at the White City to fight Jackie Turpin, Randolph's brother.

Known to most of the fifty thousand people present by repute rather than looks, Sammy McCarthy held their attention not only by his naïve appearance but also because, just twenty days before, he had disposed of Freddie King, a favoured title contender, in something under seven rounds. In the dying moments of that affair, he had at the same time smiled harmlessly and hit his man so hard that the referee had to step in to save King further hurt.

Nevertheless, many experts doubted his style and stamina. One or two suspected the smile. "You don't get on top by sweetness," declared one writer. "If only the boy had the 'killer' instinct nobody in the world could stop him."

McCarthy's humility and good humour had been interpreted as a clever pose or a sign of weakness. "When he enters a ring," says one of his followers, "you wish it was anybody but him. He looks and behaves like an angel. You expect him to wince at the sight of blood."

On that June evening, McCarthy tugged at his purple shorts, nervously adjusted his gloves and turned to meet Turpin. The smile was evident. It was still there three rounds later, when he had Turpin tottering. McCarthy poked three lefts into his opponent's face and followed with a right to the chin. Turpin reeled dizzily.

"Everybody was expecting Sammy to let up," recalls "Snowy" Buckingham, his trainer. "But some of us knew better. Under the baby face there's a 'killer' all right." Instead of pulling his punches, McCarthy laid in with such violence that the referee again had to intervene on humane grounds. "The smile never once came off," says one onlooker. "It really was spell-binding."

Throw-Back To Driscoll

At twenty-one, Samuel Daniel McCarthy is today widely hailed as the hottest prospect at any weight in British boxing, and as a throw-back to the old stylists like Jim Driscoll and Teddy Baldock. He is being tipped as Britain's next world champion. Already, according to one promoter, his box office appeal exceeds that of many reigning champions. Wherever he fights he is accompanied by ten coachloads of followers from a 700-strong body called the Sammy McCarthy Supporters' Club.

McCarthy has been in twenty-one fights since he turned professional in April, 1951. He has drawn one and won twenty: thirteen ended inside the distance by knockout or referee's intervention. A few months ago, when the British Boxing Board of Control drew up the eliminators for the featherweight title, McCarthy was left out because he was then under twenty-one. His victim, King, was one of the four chosen to fight it out.

A humble, over-sensitive, former barrow boy of five-foot-six and nine-stone-two, McCarthy showed no sense of grievance over this. "If the rules say I'm too young," he said, "then it's for my own good." With the gloves off, McCarthy takes most things meekly. He hates upsets. Not long ago, an admirer called at his dressing-room and started giving advice that was at odds with Buckingham's. The trainer protested and there was a flare-up. McCarthy, who had just won without losing a drop of blood, looked up earnestly and pleaded: "Please don't row over me."

McCarthy's gentleness really got him into boxing. One afternoon in 1945 his father took him aside in their home at Stepney and said: "You know, Sam, if you're not careful you're

Still smiling, McCarthy ties Jim Kenny into a knot with a knock-down at the Empress Hall

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Some of the McCarthy family at home in Commercial Road. Sammy (sitting next to his father) has not been beaten since he became a professional

going to get pushed around in life—but not if you know how to handle yourself." He nodded towards the window. Outside, in the backyard, Sammy's brother Fred was boxing a punchball. "How about taking him on?" Brother Fred recalls the occasion clearly. "Sammy squared up perfectly," he tells. "I'd had a lot of experience as an amateur, but he caught me with two beauties that really stung. He boxed, to our surprise, as if he was born to the game."

Britain's latest ring prospect has been handing out surprises from that day to this. In April last year a manager named Jack King took him to Solomons's Gymnasium for "Snowy" Buckingham's appraisal. Busy at the time with heavier men, the trainer took in the fragile, wiry figure and the youthful smile and, he admits now, wondered what boxing was coming to.

Like An Electric Shock

He showed the boy to a changing berth behind a partition and watched him flip open a small attaché case. "I couldn't believe my eyes," Buckingham recalls. "Boxers are an untidy lot, but this one had packed his things like a super commercial traveller's samples."

McCarthy went through the motions of a boxer's audition—punchbag, punchball, shadow-boxing. King knew what to expect. Buckingham did not. "The kid was like an electric shock, he was so sharp. I could see he was a scrapper, and told King he'd found a gem." Fifteen days after this private performance, McCarthy appeared in public at the bottom of the Empress Hall bill: it was his first fight for money. He came out nervous but smiling. In fifty-seven seconds precisely it was all over, including the count. No sooner had the referee finished counting than McCarthy went to pick up his ex-opponent, Hector McCrowe. "The doctor was just scrambling through the ropes," says Buckingham. "I had to yell to Sammy to come away. In the dressing-room afterwards he kept asking how the other fellow was. He *really* was sorry."

Though he now earns increasing purses—Jack Solomons paid him £600 for his fight with Freddie King—McCarthy shows no evident concern for cash. "He is no business man," says his father. "When he served fruit and vegetables on my barrow he hated every minute of it. Never told me, of course. But he once mentioned it to his mother on condition she didn't let me know."

McCarthy has a one-track ambition: to win a title. He realizes he may make a fortune, but only shrugs when friends ask him what he will do when his fighting days are over. Recently Jack King warned him about the darker side of the game. "In three years," he said, "you will probably have a nice nest-egg and be none the worse for wear. That's the time to get out." The prospect so upset McCarthy, who lives for boxing, that King has not mentioned it since.

For all his affability and eagerness to please, McCarthy revels in a fight. He is always asking to be allowed to "mix it." Some weeks ago, when he was winning hands down by ringcraft alone, he urged Buckingham to let him go in and fight rather than box. "We wouldn't hear of it," King recalls. "Only mugs *fight*!"

Once he has a man on the hook, however, McCarthy is allowed more freedom of expression. When this happens, says one of his victims, he is like a bulldog that won't let go. "The smile doesn't come off. It only broadens when he's got you!"

First Show Of Strength

Sammy McCarthy was born in Limehouse on November 5, 1931, sixth of a family of four boys and six girls. As a schoolboy he showed no interest in tough games and never got into a fight. "He sometimes played football," recalls a school acquaintance, "but he always kept his knees clean."

When his brothers and sisters got boisterous he would stay out of the fray. One night, however, when he was thirteen, they playfully tried to involve him. "He just caught their wrists," said his father, "and picked them off in turn. I knew then that he was strong."

As a wartime evacuee in the Surrey countryside he showed some promise as a footballer, and when he went back home he hinted he would like to become a professional player. On leaving school, though, he had no career ideas and took to helping his father on the vegetable round.

After his backyard introduction to boxing he began buying books on the game with the money he earned from his father. One night he joined the Stepney and St. George's Boxing Club. He lost his first fight as a team member, but won a nickname which has been with him ever since—"Smiling Sammy." Before long he was boxing for England as an amateur. He won medals, cups, plaques, coffee sets and canteens of cutlery. These his mother has set out in the front room of their home in Commercial Road, Stepney. She saw most of his amateur bouts, but will not go to watch now that her son is fighting for money. She is kept busy washing his training gear, for he is still particular about tidiness and never wears the same outfit twice running. Even his ring-boot laces must be clean.

Never Watches A Fight

Before reporting for training, he goes every morning to Spitalfields Market to push back his father's barrow loaded with the day's supplies. He talks of this job as an aid to fitness. "But really," says his mother, "he does it to save his dad the hard work."

Every afternoon McCarthy rests from two o'clock till five. In the evenings he likes to go to the pictures or read comics. But nobody can get him to *watch* boxing. His uncle, Harry McCarthy (he organizes the Supporters' Club) recently got two ringside seats for a show in which one of McCarthy's featherweight rivals was fighting. He invited Sammy, but the offer was apologetically turned down. Instead McCarthy went to see a Bob Hope film. "He just hates to see anyone getting hurt," says a friend.

A few weeks ago, out with his father, he kept nodding to passers-by. After some minutes his father asked, "Do you know all these people?"

"Not really," said McCarthy reluctantly.

"Then why keep nodding?"

McCarthy shrugged. "There might be somebody who knows me and it wouldn't be right not to notice. They might be upset."

Not many hours afterwards the same Samuel Daniel McCarthy went into a boxing ring at Streatham and pulverized Jan Maas, featherweight champion of Holland. After three rounds the referee thought it had gone far enough. McCarthy promptly went over to sympathize with his victim. He was still smiling. - THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I SUPPOSE I was about three when this picture was taken. We lived in London, near Tottenham Court Road, and one of my greatest treats was to deputize for the parlourmaid and blow her cab whistle when one of my mother's guests was leaving.

I still remember the dressing down I got from an elderly female when I employed my (even then) considerable lung power to whistle up a cab from the rank on the corner. A hansom rattled up and I rushed out to open the apron.

Hansoms were getting scarce in 1911, and I was thrilled to bits. Not so my mother's friend, who impressed it very firmly on me that hansoms were not a suitable mode of conveyance for ladies. They were far too liable to upset if the horse fell and, moreover, the business of getting in or out

involved far too generous a display of ankle—even (though this awful word was not actually used) of leg!

I was one of seven children. Father, a Congregational minister, had to carve for a family of nine, and the Sunday joint on the sideboard would have set up a modern butcher in business.

There were advantages in numbers. Every Christmas, for example, half the family—we must somehow have got round the difficulty of the odd man out—wrote and performed a little play before the other half.

Shortly after the first World War, when I was twelve, I abandoned my interest in the drama, but only for the time being. Possibly sensing the business half of my future career, I spent most of my spare time with the local grocer, even delivering the groceries around the neighbourhood in an honorary, unpaid capacity.

At school I distinguished myself by thrice taking School Certificate without success and then passing on to Higher—with identical results. However, I did manage to get to Cambridge in the end, and there I won my tennis blue.

Today he is a comedian and a business man. For his name, turn to page 35.

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Continued from page 10

know what I did after confession? I didn't say 'Our Father.' Do you know what I said instead? I knelt in the church and I said: 'Silly old Father Gomez. Silly old Father Gomez.' I said it sixteen times."

Father Keogh made a mental note to visit the parents as soon as possible. He held out the flower again. "Well?" he asked of her, "do you want me to keep it?"

She made indecisive noises. "You aren't quite as nice as you looked."

"If you want it, take it back again, but if you want me to keep it, do you know what that means? It means that we're friends and that you're on my side and not on the side of the Gran-Señor-of-the-Cats."

The child doubled up again, laughing. "He's *not* a gran señor, he's a peon." Then she added: "But I'll be sorry if he kills you."

"Thank you very much," Father Keogh said.

"You can keep the flower," she told him. Suddenly bored, she said, "*Adios*," sprang off the gate and raced away from him. He saw her run into the arms of a fat *mestizo*, calling: "Josefa! Josefa! I've seen the new priest—he's not a bit like the other one." The *mestizo* dropped a curtsy to Father Keogh and took the child into the house.

FATHER KEOGH trudged on down the hill. When he entered Quantana, he was still holding the flower. It was small and white and delicate. Not unlike the child who had given it to him. When he walked through Quantana, he felt it was his only friend.

He threaded his way through the market place. A few heads nodded greetings at him, but most of them watched him in silence. After the noise of Mexico City, he found the uncanny silence disturbing. Soft-eyed Indians sat back on their heels, dignified, patient, suspicious of him, and on the rooftops and along a high, white wall that ran half round the town, the vultures perched. He passed booths offering fruits and vegetables and some selling radio parts. He passed an assortment of medicines, hair oils and cooked meats and a booth stacked with soft drinks displayed in glass jars. Chickens cooped in wickerwork baskets hung from the roofs of the booths. The Indians squatted impassively, not calling out their wares.

An old woman sat on her haunches beside a booth loaded with fans, lace, silver-topped combs, rosaries and nylons. There was a notice hanging down beside her for the benefit of the rare visitor: *Mother Montezera. The only true witch left. Goods bought and exchanged.* She was so old that the dust seemed to have clogged in the lines of her face, making its tracery black. She smoked a cigar and called out a greeting to Father Keogh. He was grateful and called one back.

He was astounded when he heard the strains of "Lily of Laguna" rolling out. Someone many years ago had imported a barrel organ. Nobody quite knew when. A sailor had wheeled it off a ship and traded it for liquor. Someone else had hitched it to a mule and dragged it hundreds of miles to Quantana. It had not changed hands since. A Spanish dwarf had bought it. He had no front teeth and a perpetual grin. They had a variety of names for him. Sometimes they called him the *organito*, sometimes *el jorobado*, the hunchback, but more often *el choco*, the halfwit.

A band of ragged children began to follow Father Keogh. Barefoot and curious, they trailed behind him, defying his efforts to induce them to talk.

He turned into a street so narrow that the shadows of houses met in the middle. It formed a black alleyway right through the town. At the end of it, Father Gomez lived.

When he reached the house, the children stood round his suitcase chattering about it. He stood outside the little whitewashed building. The wash had flaked off in places, showing the mud like brown scabs on a pock-marked face. A woman was shaking a child in the doorway. The child let out a long thin wail of resentment which ceased as abruptly as his punishment. The woman had seen the priest. She was barefoot and wore a white blouse over a long, dark skirt.

SHE came forward to smile at him, showing gold teeth. "Ah, there you are, Father, you've found your way. I said we should have sent someone to meet you, but then. . . ." She broke off, embarrassed, and changed the subject, but not before Father Keogh had gathered that it had not been easy to find somebody willing to meet him. "My sister's son," she said of the boy, "is not a good child," and she went forward to pick up the suitcase.

A thin voice called out from the house. "Is that the padre, Chela?"

She called back over her shoulder: "Yes, Father." Then she made angry gestures which failed to scatter the children, and led Father Keogh inside.

A slight figure shuffled into the darkness. Father Keogh was having his hand wrung before the face in front of him became clear enough to see. His eyes were still filled with the hard sunlight from the street. When they accustomed themselves to the shade, he saw a small brown face with quick, bright, mouse-like eyes, which seemed to scuttle over him.

"My word," said Father Gomez, "I *am* glad you've come. Upon my word, I *am* glad."

He turned swiftly and preceded Father Keogh into a tiny room. The barred window looked out on the street. His short, hurried footsteps, half a run, reminded Father Keogh even more sharply of the sudden, rush-forward movements of a mouse. He could imagine a long, thin tail following Father Gomez, sliding round the door after him as the little priest scurried into the room. He tried to remind himself that Father Gomez had remained in constant danger at a time when a priest's only crime needed to have been that he remained a priest.

Father Keogh wished that he was shorter. It was impossible not to look down physically upon Father Gomez. He could have been no taller than five feet four inches high. Father Keogh sat down on the old horse-hair sofa.

The room was shabbily furnished. The floor was tiled and there was a pale yellow matting across it. An old-fashioned medical cabinet with bottle-green curtains served as a bookcase, and on the top of it stood a crucifix on a heavy wooden base. A picture of Saint Anthony de Padua hung in a dingy brown frame, and under the dusty glass, Father Keogh noticed that Saint Anthony's feet were flyblown. A bureau leant up in the corner, with a giant key sticking out of its lock.

LITTLE Father Gomez was making a series of furtive darts about the room which baffled Father Keogh. He pounced on the bureau, peeped into the medical cabinet, and then stood mouse-still, silent and thoughtful.

Father Keogh asked him kindly: "Are you looking for something, Father?"

Father Gomez replied: "Yes. Yes. My laundry list. You have to be careful of laundry here. It gets lost so easily. I've lost quite a few things lately." The look that he gave to Saint Anthony was bordering on the reproachful. "I *have* asked him," he muttered. "I was wondering if you would send the things after me if they should appear again?"

"Certainly," Father Keogh said.

Father Gomez rattled about in the desk. He found a small piece of paper and made a dart towards Father Keogh with it.

"Yes, here we are. With the crosses against them, those are the ones that are lost. It's just the pyjama trousers missing. I have the tops . . . then four linen handkerchiefs, ones like these. . . ." He held out a moist handkerchief with which he had been dabbing at his face. "It would really be very good of you, if ever they should reappear. One can't afford to lose things. Chela does the washing. She takes it down to the river sometimes. I'm afraid she's rather careless, and then of course, they *steal* things here, steal them to sell them, you know. . . ." He caught sight of Father Keogh's flower. He started visibly. "What's that?"

"I don't know," Father Keogh answered, "I've just been presented with it."

"Who by?"

"A little girl, an exceptionally rude little. . . ."

"Be careful!" Father Gomez warned, as Father Keogh put the flower to his nose. "Be careful—it might be poisoned."

"Poisoned!"

"Oh, yes, yes, you must be careful of accepting things, although of course it's chiefly food and drink. Who did you say gave it to you?"

"A little girl called de Cortinez."

"Oh, that would be little Locha," Father

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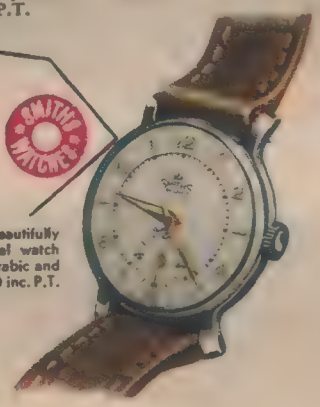

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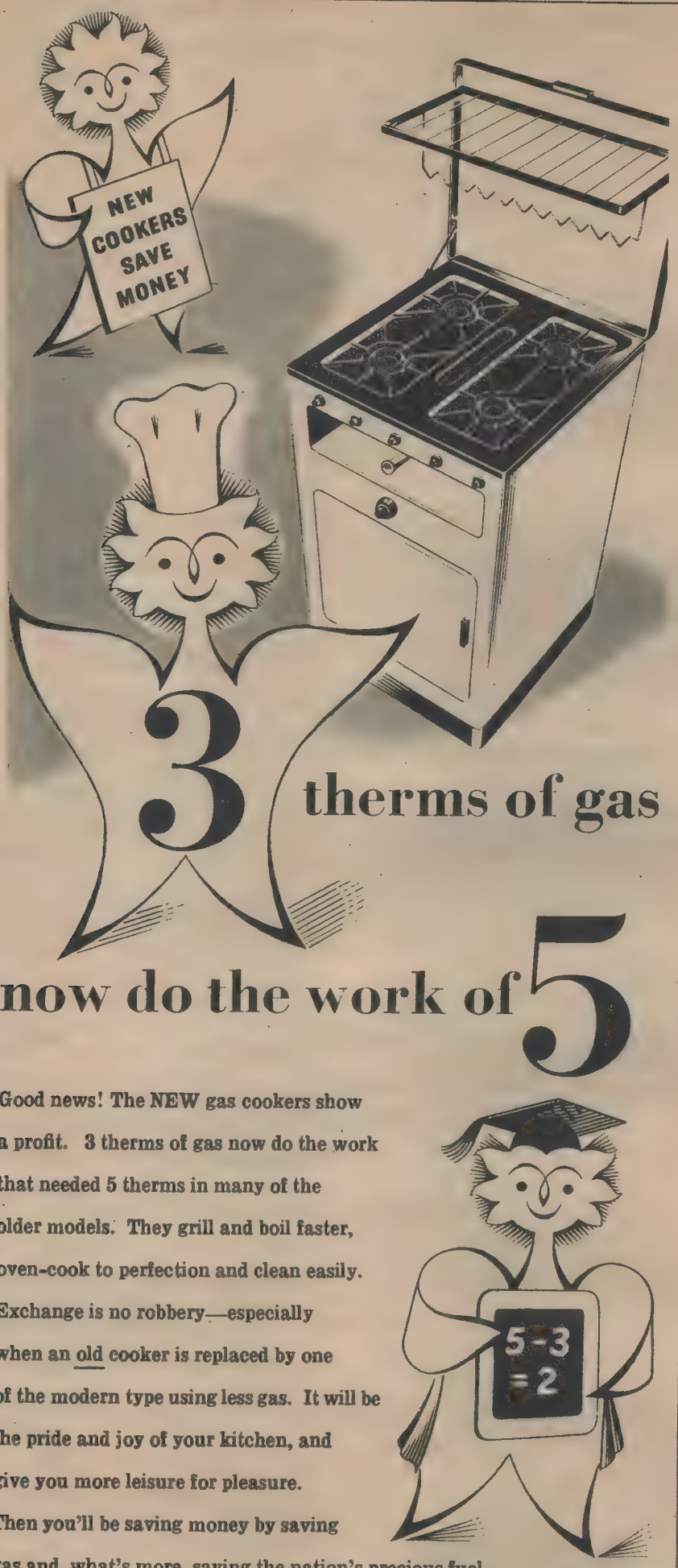

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Gomez said, "Oh, yes, well then, that's all right."

"The child was anti-Church and used bad language."

Father Gomez made a noise with his lips. "Yes, yes, I know. They leave her too much with the servants. She absorbs all the dregs of the town. But you see, the mother is. . . ."

"—'nothing,' and father's 'immersed in his books,'" Father Keogh finished for him. "Well, I should think it's time that mother was *something* and father came *out* of his books. I've never met such an ill-mannered child."

Father Gomez came to a standstill. "Don Pedro is quite a recluse. He is a very distinguished scholar. He went to Oxford in his youth, and the mother, Doña Marian, is an American. He once had an enormous *hacienda*, he was the biggest landowner for miles. Well, I must be going now."

"Going?" Father Keogh asked him. "So soon? I hoped you might have time to show me round a little."

"My bus," Father Gomez replied, "I have to catch my bus. If I don't catch this one there isn't another until Wednesday noon."

Father Keogh said gently: "If you could give me a few minutes I should appreciate it greatly. I'm sure that there are things I ought to know, that only you could tell me."

"Yes, yes, I expect so. . . . I. . . ." The little priest sat down. His hands were unstill in his lap. He spoke in short little bursts, as if he were out of breath. "Now let me see. Yes, confession. Not many people wish to confess, but if they do you must hear them early in the morning. They are frightened when Anacleto is up and about. It's mostly the four señoras; they are always together, Señora Martinez, Señora Pereira, Señora Solano and Señora Rodriguez; they are good women, always causing trouble—now let me see, what else?"

He was quite unable to keep his little bright eyes off the clock. Father Keogh took pity on him.

"Where do you have to catch your bus?"

"From the pass, from the top of the Hua Pass . . . only the Wednesday one starts from the town. It goes at five o'clock."

"I'll see you don't miss the bus."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. It's just that they don't know you're coming."

"They?"

"*He* doesn't know you're coming—Anacleto. If he saw us about together, well, he would know," Father Gomez finished lamely.

"Well, he'll have to know sometime," Father Keogh said cheerfully, "and I should think he knows by now. Umpteen thousand people seemed to stare at me as I came through the town."

"Yes, but Anacleto doesn't expect someone new. If he sees me about with you and I happened to miss my bus——"

FATHER KEOGH cut in quietly: "You're afraid he might do you some harm?"

The little priest nodded, his eyes on his hands.

"I see," said Father Keogh. "Then of course, you must not take the risk. I can manage perfectly well, and if anything comes up I can always write to you."

They heard no footsteps outside in the passage. They were taken by surprise when the door opened quietly and Malo walked into the room. Because he was whippet-thin he looked taller than he was. Father Gomez sat looking at his own hands; he could not raise his head. Father Keogh stared up at the peon. Malo returned the scrutiny in a curious, all-embracing glance: up and down, straight across and into the eyes. He had judged a man's size and his wits and his worth by the time he came back to the eyes. The three looks of Malo, Quantana called them.

What Father Keogh was expecting he could not have said, but he was not prepared for the beauty he saw in Malo. The delicate brown of his skin gave him a look of transparency. He was small-wristed and long-fingered, and he held himself lightly erect. It was an impassive beauty, vital yet motionless. He made few gestures and his voice was as steady as the flickerless stare of his eyes, which were light for a Mexican's, yellow-flecked. The bonework was high and clear in his face. It might have been modelled in bronze by a sculptor who saw no need to emphasize anything but the long, thin line of the mouth and the long, thin line of the narrowed eyes.

Both priests had remained seated as Malo came in. The peon made a small, formal bow with his head. "I have come to apologize to you, Father," he said softly. "You have received no welcome to Quantana." He shook a reproachful head at Father Gomez. "But then, how could we know you were coming if nobody bothered to tell us?" Father Keogh sat regarding him with his head on one side and his arms folded. He was impressed by the soft tones of Malo's voice. There seemed no speed and no violence in it. "We let you walk down like a stranger, Father. What a fine welcome that was!"

Father Keogh said: "Thank you, I enjoyed the walk."

MALO raised his shoulders. "But the pity of it, Father—no flowers, and no honours, no band!"

Father Keogh held up the blossom in his hand. "I did receive a flower."

"One flower!" Malo said. "The shame of it! We should have made such a fuss of you, shouldn't we, Father Gomez? You know, we Mexicans rather pride ourselves on our hospitality, Father. What must an Englishman think?"

"I had an English mother, but I am still an Irishman," Father Keogh said.

Malo sat down, facing the two men. "Nevertheless, you can't think well of us." His smile went to Father Gomez. "So old Mother Church is attending to her garden? She's pulling the weeds out at last! She's ridding herself of her rubbish." He turned to Father Keogh's steady eyes. "Tell me," he asked, "what will she do with it? What does she do with rubbish when it's rotten through and through, when it's corrupt and decayed and sour and stinking? What does she do with it then? Does she burn it at the foot of her altar—does she throw it away and forget it? Or does she quietly put a bullet through it and call it a martyr? What *does* she do, my friend?"

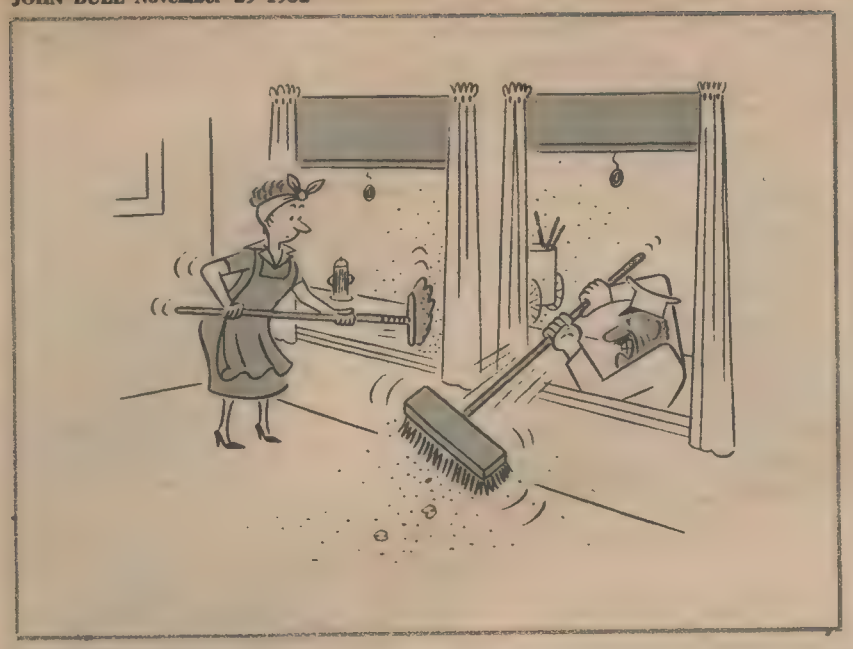
Before Father Keogh could answer, Father Gomez spoke. He might have been speaking from his death bed. His voice was scarcely audible, and he still kept his eyes on his hands. "Anacleto," he said, "you have driven me out. But you cannot drive out the Church. It doesn't rely on men like me." Beneath his lowered lids he glanced sideways at Father Keogh. Then he looked back at his hands. "The Church has great strength, Anacleto. It has greater strength than you. That's something you can't understand." Father Gomez sighed for Malo, still without raising his eyes. Then he added quietly: "You oughtn't to judge it by me."

Malo stood up. He said: "Well, since we were not privileged to make the new padre welcome, perhaps we shall be allowed to bid the old one farewell? We must give him a good send-off." He left them, soft-footed across the floor, and at the door he turned to smile at them. "Quantana knows how to look after its friends, doesn't it, Father Gomez?"

When he had gone, Father Gomez said sadly: "It was I who baptized him. It was on his saint's day, the thirteenth of July. I remember as if it were yesterday. We had to do it secretly. They'd have shot us all if we'd been caught."

Father Keogh answered: "I thought you were very brave with him. He put the wind up me!"

Father Gomez looked up at last. "My friend, we spend most of our lives avoiding death, and when it comes, it's surprising, it's quite a relief, and we cannot imagine why we



have exhausted ourselves by struggling against it so long."

"Death?" said Father Keogh, puzzled.

"Death," replied Father Gomez. "You'll see, I shan't escape. You heard what he said about a 'good send-off'? I know what that means. I shan't escape."

"Rubbish!" said Father Keogh, and immediately regretted the word. Something very like humour lit Father Gomez's eyes. "Don't worry. He was right when he called me rubbish. I *am* rubbish. Corrupt from head to toe . . . what did he say? Stinking, foul, decayed? That boy should know rot and decay when he sees it. He was brought up among it, poor lad."

"We'll get police protection," Father Keogh said. "I'll see the *jefe* myself."

"If you do that," explained Father Gomez, "you'll not be much better than a murderer yourself. If the police dare to act, in anything but a minor capacity, someone gets killed—anyone—it doesn't matter whom. I don't know how they're chosen, I've often wondered how. Do they turn up a card, or stick in a pin? I don't know, I've often wondered. But I think it goes by lettering, alphabetical order, you know."

He held up a tiny brown hand and ticked off his fingers: "First Arrieta was killed and then Beltran, Carranza, Dominguez, Elizondo, and then Fernandez; it seems to be alphabetical order, doesn't it? Of course, it did not *look* like murder; most of them met with an 'accident'; but it seemed such a strange coincidence, alphabetical order like that. I often think people must have thought I was frightened because the next letter in the alphabetical order would have been 'G.'" Again, something like humour kindled in Father Gomez's melancholy eyes.

"But do you mean to say that they suspected Comachi, and they let him get away with it? What on earth were the police about?"

"Oh, yes, they suspected Anacleto. It *was* Anacleto, or Anacleto's doing. But, you see, the town knows it's a hostage. It has forbidden the police to turn out." He stopped suddenly. "Would you hear my confession, Father?"

"Of course," said Father Keogh. "But wouldn't you rather——"

Father Gomez interrupted him: "All I can tell you, Father, is that I know that I shan't escape. An old man can feel these things." He pushed a small stool forward and knelt down on it, his joints cracking.

At the end of the confession, Father Gomez still knelt down before him, muttering his penance. He had only to say one "Hail, Mary." Father Keogh considered that he had been penalized enough. He tried not to look at the little bald head bent piously over the hands.

He had become an astute judge of character through the confessional. He had sometimes felt the need to confess himself after absolving a penitent; when he had found himself concentrating more upon the fact that the whey-faced penitent should have been offered the chance of committing adultery, rather than the fact that she should be made to repent of it.

Few people confessed to a meanness of spirit, to pettiness and small-minded tyranny or hypocrisy. Few people saw themselves clearly enough for that. They would confess to adultery and vengeance, and even to larceny and murder, but they seldom said: "Father, I befriended a man because I thought he was important, not because I wanted to be his friend."

They seldom confessed to that. They seldom saw any wrong in it. But they found it easy to tell him: "Father, I once took a whore."

He was gently amused by those who were genuinely at a loss to imagine themselves at fault. He heard many of these, who confessed with interrogation marks, who, in the same breath as accusing themselves, excused themselves.

Then there were the converts, anxious to make an impression both with piety and with sin. There was the self-dramatist, anxious to blacken himself to the point of exaggeration.

It was difficult in the early days to quell a desire to deflate, difficult not to be impatient. He had never found his priesthood easy.

He thought he had conquered these failings within himself. But he had found himself fighting anger as he listened to the old man lay a succession of sins at the feet of the God he had devotedly served all his life.

Father Keogh wondered if he would ever be able to feel a complete Christian forgiveness towards Anacleto Gonzales Flores Comachi Alvarez. He prayed that he might be given the power to do so.

After the bald, emotionless confession of priest to priest, the dry little voice had whispered tonelessly: "Father, if there is anything you failed to understand, question me. You have my full permission: you are stepping into my shoes and I want to assist you. I have not long to live." He held up a tiny brown hand to check Father Keogh's protest, and repeated: "I have not long to live. Anything I can do for you I must do for you now. . . . I fought Anacleto hard at first, and I fought for my flock, until I became so afraid for them . . . then soon after Elizondo and Fernandez died. . . ."

Father Keogh smiled at him. "I knew that it wasn't the 'G'," he said.

"No, it certainly wasn't the 'G.' It's not hard to be brave for yourself at times, but it's never easy to be brave for others. I hadn't that bravery to spare. And in my case it was sinful as well as cowardly. But after the death of Fernandez I gave in. At first all I did was to stop interfering and look the other way."

"What do you mean exactly when you say you 'looked the other way'?"

"I no longer opposed him. If he did something I did not approve of—if I made no trouble, then no one was hurt—at least, that's what he always promised me."

"Did he keep the promise?"

"Yes. But he started to demand more and more of me. He began to demand my help. There are things that a priest can do, you see, that can help a man like that. He had not achieved absolute power then. There were many who continued to fight against him. He had to be careful still. But if I showed him friendship. . . ."

"I see," Father Keogh said.

"You see, Anacleto never had a friend, not even when he was a child. Not real friends, just children he bullied into befriending him; but they were always frightened of him. Of course, that was what he was doing to me, but I didn't see it then. I never thought of him as anything except 'poor little Anacleto' who once took away my shoes. So I tried to be his friend."

"I should have thought there would have been a form of hope in that."

The priest's tiny head shook. "No, there wasn't—no hope, no hope at all. I told you he once made me give him money."

"How were you in a position to give him money?"

"Donations," said Father Gomez, "donations to charity and public funds. There was one for a hospital. I collected it. We need one very badly here; I gave him half the funds. I put what was left to the hospital."

"How did you account for the missing half?"

"It was my private campaign. I had complete control over it. I said that I had only collected half the amount I had collected. It was easy enough to say. But I think people must have found out. You can't keep things quiet in a place like this. When I wrote to the bishop that Anacleto had crippled the faith of the people, I left one person out: I should have told him that it was Anacleto and me between us."

Father Keogh tried to comfort him. "I hardly think that fits the case."

"Oh, yes, it does," Father Gomez insisted. "It entirely fits the case. Anacleto despises the Church. He has never had any use for it. Most of the people do not go because they are afraid of displeasing him, but he does not actually prevent them from going, and do you know why he has not bothered to do that? He knows that the people have no use for *me*."

Father Keogh opened his mouth, but Father Gomez went on quickly: "Yes, yes, I am more to blame than any other coward or blackguard who has aided and abetted Anacleto, because I was here to protect those cowards against themselves as well as Anacleto. I am as much one of his thieving cut-throats as the villains who work for him. I am no better than Porfirio or Pablo, Lorenzo, young Vito, or old Uncle Joaquin, or that poor crippled creature the Jeep. I am no better than the girl Maria who gives her body to him. I am worse, for she does that for love. . . ."

Until it was time to catch his bus, Father Gomez retired to the bedroom he was to vacate for Father Keogh. Father Keogh insisted that he rest. He was anxious about the little priest.

Father Keogh made a small list in his notebook: "Tomorrow, see the Chief of Police, the Presidente Municipal, the child on the hill, the Gran-Señor-of-the-Cats." Then he added a note to his list: "See about laundry for Father G."

After this he prayed, and almost at once Father Keogh found that he had fallen asleep with his chin in his own hot hand. Father Gomez was standing beside him saying: "I'd better be off now, Father Keogh. I think I had better be off."

Father Keogh sat up. "Oh, yes, of course. I'm afraid I was asleep."

"You were tired, I expect," said Father Gomez kindly. "I expect you were feeling the heat."

Father Gomez might have been in an arctic climate himself. His lips were almost blue. Father Keogh took up his suitcase. "I'll come with you up the hill."

"No, no, Father; it's very kind of you, but I shall be all right."

"Of course you'll be all right, but I'll put you on your bus." He took the suitcase in his hand, and held the little priest's bony elbow and ushered him out of the house. Children were gathered outside. At the sight of Father Gomez they sped off, shouting and screaming like a cloud of parakeets scattering at the report of a gun.

Father Keogh felt Father Gomez tremble. He said conversationally: "Well, I must say that what I've seen so far of our younger parishioners hasn't exactly endeared them to me."

Father Gomez put the point of his tongue over lips that might have been pressed to the neck of an ink bottle. He said vaguely: "They were good children once. Anacleto has set them a bad example. My catechism class was so big it used to overflow. First of all I——"

"Steady," Father Keogh said. "There's plenty of time. Don't hurry."

Father Gomez put forward an uncertain foot and followed it with the other—shifting his weight on to it, like an invalid walking for the first time after several months. "Yes, first of all I used to make the good ones go out on the steps—you know, the ones who knew their catechism best."

"Slowly," Father Keogh urged him. "Put all your weight on me."

"But that didn't work well really, because they didn't like it outside on the steps."

"Of course not," Father Keogh said. "Now look here, it's ridiculous for you to walk. You're not in a fit state. Don't tell me there isn't some form of transport. Stay here while I round someone up."

"No, no!" Father Gomez gripped his arm and his fingers bit. They seemed fleshless. "They'd hold me up. They'd make me miss my bus."

"Then I'll drive you myself," Father Keogh offered.

"No, no, thank you. They'd hold you up. They'd keep you haggling about the price for hours. They'd make me miss my bus. It will be dark soon," the little voice whined, and there was a tremulous suggestion of urgency in it.

The children were back; small brown faces and excited eyes, small brown fingers pointing at Father Gomez.

"You mustn't blame the children," Father Gomez said. "It isn't their fault. Anacleto pays them for spying."

Quite suddenly, Malo appeared, on horseback. Father Keogh was puzzled by the group of men who accompanied him. Five of them rode mules. The sixth, a heavy, sullen man, was mounted on a horse. They were gaudily dressed. The sun caught gold and silver threads round the crowns of black sombreros and upon braided jackets. It played on tight-fitting trousers where a double line of silver buttons formed horses' heads on the outer seams. Only Malo was plainly dressed. His sombrero was palm-woven, unadorned. He sat his horse casually, lightly erect.

"You seem to have inspired some sort of turn-out," Father Keogh said.

Father Gomez sighed. "They are the people I spoke to you about. They are Malo's men. . . . It's old Uncle Joaquin who rides on the horse. He's Anacleto's favourite. He used to help me in the church." Father Gomez sighed again. "That's Pablo—the fat one. They call him El Gordo. And that's El Gordito, the little fat man on his left. Yes, that's Lorenzo. It's Porfirio riding behind him. And the poor little one, the crippled one—I don't know why they should call him the Jeep. Then the young one, that's Vito—El Lobo—the wolf. Not very nice names," Father Gomez said.

"They don't look a very nice bunch."

A considerable crowd was gathering. Father Keogh noticed that only the

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younger ones chattered. Their elders stood silent, apart. Except for the fact that he headed the retinue, Malo, too, appeared silent, apart. He had no expression on his face.

Old Uncle Joaquin came riding up. He sat comfortably down in his saddle. He was thickset and heavily built. His hair belied his ageing face. It was plentiful and dark. His face had the drinker's heightened colour, but his features were strong and good.

Father Keogh began to steer Father Gomez through the crowd. Malo turned the head of his horse and the others followed him. The two priests walked in the centre of them.

Father Keogh felt Father Gomez miss a step. He caught the little priest as he stumbled, and said evenly to Old Uncle: "If you insist on coming with us, you can make yourself useful. Take this." And he went to hand Old Uncle Father Gomez's suitcase.

"No." The little priest's voice had tears behind it. "No, we'd never get it back. You don't understand. They're not being friendly—you don't understand them yet. If it's too heavy, I will take it."

"It's not too heavy," Father Keogh replied. He was alarmed at the colour of the little priest's face. It was mauve with exertion and the handkerchief with which he mopped his face had become a sodden rag. Father Keogh slid his shoulder under Father Gomez's armpit. He was half carrying the exhausted priest. He was a little out of breath himself. "Don't worry," he said. "Don't worry about them. You're getting away for good. Get back there!" he ordered the retinue. "Give us room to walk."

PABLO reined in. "I'm sorry, Father. 'Get back there!' " he called out in Father Keogh's deep voice. " 'Give us room to walk!' "

"Never mind," said Old Uncle. "He isn't dressed up as a woman this time, eh, Anacleto?" And he sang a single verse:

"Oh lady fair, what makes you flee?
What makes you flee from me?"

Father Keogh turned round. His eyes seemed exceptionally dark. Father Gomez gripped his arm.

"No," he said. "No, don't answer them. It will only be worse for yourself." His breath came out of his lips as if he were trying to force it through the neck of a bottle.

"Try not to worry," Father Keogh said. "They can't harm you. They're only baiting you."

Father Gomez shook his head. "It's something more than that, my friend. You'll see. I shan't escape. Anacleto makes no mistakes."

"You'll escape," Father Keogh said grimly.

Old Uncle Joaquin rose in his saddle. He stood in his stirrups and called out to the crowd: "It's a very sad day for Quantana, this. We are losing a good friend, a good man and a good priest. Don't you feel we are?"

A curious ripple ran through the crowd—half laughter, half abuse. But it struck Father Keogh as sounding reluctant. The laughter was true, the abuse seemed unwilling.

Malo was riding in close. Father Gomez had a hand to his heart. He winced as if he felt physical pain in it. "Anacleto, you've done so much to me—what more is there left to do?" The eyes that he turned to the rider were patient, seeking.

Old Uncle Joaquin was rallying the crowd, which sent up a half-hearted murmur, as if it were uncertain of what Joaquin required it to do.

Father Keogh put down the suitcase. He took the bridle of Vito's mule. "Excuse me," he said. "But get off!"

The boy's mouth opened, showing white teeth in a laugh that blew straight into Father Keogh's face. "Why should I? The mule is mine."

"I don't doubt it," said Father Keogh. "But I intend to borrow it. I'll pay you when I get back."

The mule kicked out at him, drawing blood with its sharp spiked shoes. He put his hands on the boy and moved him sideways. Vito regained his balance. His eyes were adder-bright. He put a quick hand to his side.

"Vito!" a voice called. "What are you thinking of? Have you no respect?" Malo trotted up slowly. "Give the father the mule at once. It's a small enough favour to ask. A great, strong boy like you."

Vito dismounted slowly and flung the bridle at Father Keogh.

Father Keogh lifted Father Gomez astride the mule and held him on. The mule stood still, its ears twitching. It resisted all Father Keogh's efforts to make it move. Father Gomez sat, wet-faced, his head down.

Vito gave the animal a sharp crack across the flanks with his whip. The mule jerked forward, shooting Father Gomez flat along its neck. Father Keogh levered the little priest up again. He noticed that Father Gomez was praying. His eyes were closed and his lips were moving. Father Keogh picked up the suitcase and put it across the animal's rump. With one hand he steadied Father Gomez and with the other he held on to the suitcase. He was aching in every muscle.

ABOUT halfway up the hill, Father Gomez slumped forward. Father Keogh had to let the suitcase fall before he could rescue him. It crashed on the road, skidding in the dust.

A little man in a battered panama walked out of the crowd. The ragged rim of the hat seemed to jig in the dancing heat.

"Want a hand, bud?" The voice had a strong American twang.

Father Keogh turned round. "Thanks," he said gratefully. "If you'd carry that suitcase, you'd prove yourself more than a friend."

"Sure," said the little American, and picked up the suitcase. He led the mule with his free left hand.

Father Keogh's aching arms were released to support Father Gomez. Father Gomez prayed silently. Father

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Actor Anthony Snell—eight bullets and a charmed life

Keogh, his heart wrung by the little priest's agony, could hardly take his eyes from Malo's pitiless face. Then he looked curiously at his unexpected ally. The American had a thatch of red hair and his grin looked lonely on his face. Alcohol had turned up the corner of his eyes and given a downward droop to the edges of his mouth.

He turned to scrutinize Father Gomez. "That guy don't look too good to me."

"I know," said Father Keogh. "The sooner we get him off the better." Then he said: "I didn't expect to see a friendly face. Where have you sprung from?"

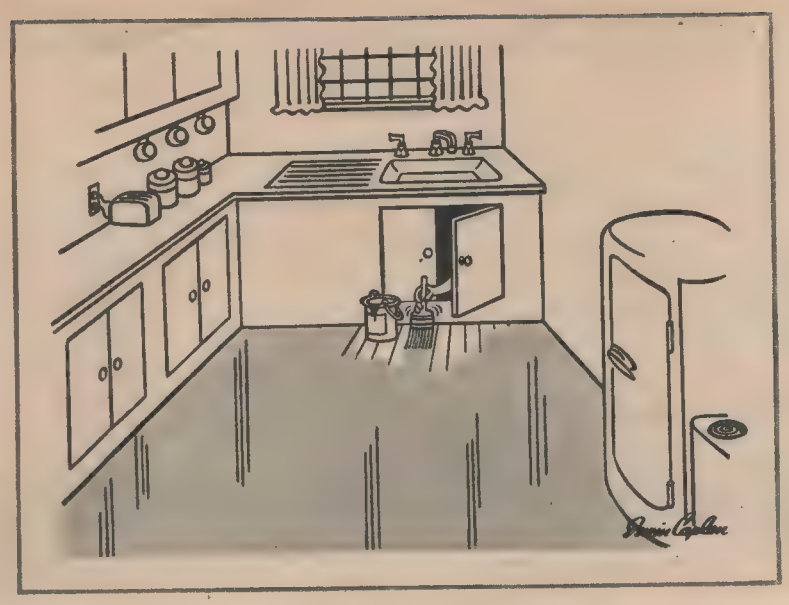
The American pulled hard at his cigarette and his eyes seemed to be absorbing the smoke.

"From under a stone," he answered. "Turn up any stone and if I'm not around, just leave a note. I'll get it."

"I'll do that." Father Keogh smiled. "What name do I put on the note?"

"Samuel Lewis Frankenson." He seemed to find his own name amusing. He laughed a little over it. "Didn't you ever hear of Judge Robert L. Frankenson? He doesn't like to have his kid brother around. The States ain't big enough for both of us."

"How is it," Father Keogh asked, "that you're not afraid of this lot?" He glanced at Malo and the men who rode behind him.



SAMUEL FRANKENSON spat. "Oh, them! I see worse than that creeping over my walls every day. I have worse than that hatching out in my own liver right this minute." He banged on his chest. "I have asthma, too. That's why I came to Mexico. That and my stuff-shirt brother. You T.T.?" he asked with sudden energy.

"No," Father Keogh replied. "Why should I be?"

"I wouldn't know, bud. I wouldn't know why anyone's T.T. But Pussyfoot is T.T." He jerked his chin in the direction of Malo, who had fallen a little behind. "He don't drink and he don't smoke." He looked back at Malo again, his eyes creasing. "But, you know, for a goddam dirty louse, Pussyfoot packs a helluva lot of dignity."

Father Keogh turned round to look at Malo. "Yes, he does."

Sam said: "Well, you're welcome under my stone any time you like, bud. Maybe we'll have a little party."

"We certainly will," Father Keogh promised.

Five gunshots sounded suddenly. Father Gomez, eyes closed, started violently on the mule. Father Keogh turned round to see Pablo fire into the air. The vultures rose, dropping heavily down on the roofs again.

Old Uncle had urged his horse ahead. It struggled forward up the hill. Old Uncle unfolded a curious banner. On a couple of poles tied to represent a cross, a garment was hoisted. It cut a sharp black pattern into the sky behind it.

"That," said Father Keogh, "is a black chasuble. We wear them for funerals."

He spoke softly but Father Gomez heard him and put his sweat-soaked handkerchief up to his face and examined it, smiling a little. "I'm putting more on than I'm taking off."

Father Keogh dug into his pocket. His sister had sent him six fine white lawn handkerchiefs from Ireland. He had only two of them left. He felt a tiny pang of regret as he gave one to Father Gomez. He had the Irishman's love of good linen.

Father Gomez took it gratefully, and mopped his streaming face.

When they passed the Casa Grande, they saw the bus at the top of the hill.

Sam took the suitcase to the bus and Father Keogh lifted Father Gomez down.

"Well?" He held the tiny priest like a baby for a moment. "I thought you weren't going to escape?"

Father Gomez made no reply, but in his eyes Father Keogh saw the same expression that he had seen in the eyes of mortally wounded soldiers.

He half carried Father Gomez to the bus. He had to lift him bodily on to the platform and into his seat. Father Gomez slumped in it, but he rallied himself. "Your handkerchief. . . ."

"Keep it," Father Keogh smiled. "Keep it with my compliments."

"I'll—if there's any way I can help—I'll write to you."

"Yes, yes," said Father Keogh. "But have a good holiday first."

FATHER GOMEZ strained upwards again. Father Keogh bent down to hear him. Father Gomez was still out of breath. He managed to say with difficulty: "Anacleto — needs — a — friend." Father Keogh pressed his hand. Then he blessed him and climbed down off the bus.

The last that he saw of Father Gomez was him sitting hunched in his seat. He held Father Keogh's handkerchief clapped to his face as if he were weeping into it. As the bus jerked forward, a hot breeze tugged at the fine white linen. Father Keogh saw his face and a terrible pang of pity went through him. In the face was nothing but blank resignation.

To be continued next week

HANNAH AND THE ORANGE TREE

Continued from page 13

and seemed to be trying to split his sleeve.

Hannah heard him crossing the yard, and opened the kitchen door. The lamplight flooded out, revealing him as a moving whiteness, his pale-blue eyes and blue-red lips showing through a flurry of snow. She cried out when she saw him. He looked all in and appeared to be limping.

"Jim, you must be fairly starved with cold!"

"No, no," he said. "It's only middling."

They had supper and he told her in a few words what he had been doing up above.

She said anxiously: "Jim, if this weather doesn't break soon, it will be bad for us."

He stuffed his pipe. His voice held monumental calmness. "We can't do owt about weather."

After a pause to light up, he added: "I've been thinking. A lot of ewes must have taken shelter in the upper gorge. I'll go up there in the morning and work down from the top."

The night moaned and vibrated with the blizzard. He slept on his right side. Left knee and elbow were twice the size of normal.

By the morning, the blizzard had dropped away to stillness. Hannah watched him going upwards into the freezing desolation, and in her own simple way knew admiration for his undaunted spirit. Surely he deserved some luck?

By the route he took, it was four miles of trackless and difficult going to the head of the upper gorge. His left leg dragged a little. He could not help that. The mere hurt of it made no odds. On the way he tested a few drifts, without result.

After covering a couple of miles, he became aware of a new coldness, dank, bone-aching. The weather was changing, the wind veering, and bringing moisture into the air. It meant a thaw was on its way. At the change it was always coldest. In a day or two, maybe, the lower fells would be showing green.

At an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, he crossed the frozen flatness of Ire Moss, and paused at the top of the gorge, peering down. Nothing stirred on the left bank. But all along on the right, lining the trod, were scores of sheep, his own Herdwicks, with their red smit marks of a line down both shoulders and a pop above the tail. They were as tight together as a crowded bus queue. A few snatched at herbage under the thin snow. The bulk of them merely stood there. The whole lot were a brief but safe inch or two from the edge of destruction. They had come here because the towering breast above protected them from the deadly wind, and the steepening lower slope was too severe to hold much snow.

He called quietly to his dogs, and they squatted at heel. He would have to move down there gently, very gently. There must be no chivvying by the dogs. A sheep moving a hoof wrong would go over into the ravine. He would have to tread warily himself, and keep his distance from them, and let them find their way down and down, without hurry, to the safety of the basin below.

There was a loud, sighing noise. He glanced up at the lip of the fell, where the snow had formed a long, curving cornice. A feathery mass was tumbling away from it, breaking up and powdering as it slithered down the breast. The thaw was already having its effect.

It was a reminder that, despite the need for caution, time could not be wasted. With the thaw softening the snow, the whole cornice could come down and sweep everything before it.

DOGS to heel, he began the descent towards the sheep. A quarter of an hour, he reckoned, would see the lot safely out of the gorge.

From above broke a sound like a gigantic gulp. The next was a scraping hiss. In the instant he braced his legs and waited for the inevitable. The cornice had lurched away, a great white wall, and the fell-breast itself seemed to swoop with white fire, fire that burst upwards and downwards at the same time, and within its sighing snarl were the undertones of dislodged rocks being torn away.

Nothing touched him. The edge of the avalanche missed him by yards. For a few seconds all he could see was white spray. It settled gradually. When the trod emerged into being, no sheep were there. Piled, uneven snow choked the bed of the ravine. There were quiverings among it.

He called: "E-Fleet! E-Gyp!" and mounted back, up to the top of the gorge. It was the only way to get down there into the ravine itself, to follow its course from the beginning, among the ice and water and boulders.

Cautiously, he made the descent, the dogs following behind.

The first sheep he uncovered had a broken leg. Carrion crows were gathering from nowhere, perching, and watching, and waiting. As he worked on lower down, a couple of them descended on the first sheep, but it was already dead; he had put it out of its misery.

Methodically, he gouged away at the snow. Here and there a few ewes retrieved themselves, and he sent Gyp to round them up and steer them to the top. For the rest, it was a matter of digging out one at a time, examining the creature, and deciding whether it might survive with treatment, or to kill mercifully. Dozens of them were already dead when he found them.

AT seven o'clock in the evening, he knew the figures. Out of two hundred and eighty-four sheep, there were fifty-six surviving. Through sleety rain and darkening twilight he drove them to a spot on Ire Moss where greenery peeped through the slush. That done, he went home with the dogs.

He told Hannah the news in sparse, calm sentences.

"Oh, Jim!" She laid her hands on his shoulders. "It's dreadful! Those poor sheep! And we'll be well-nigh ruined."

He said, "Come on, lass, don't take on. The weather did it. You can't do owt about weather."

"Oh, Jim. . . ." Her voice trailed away chokily.

There was a silence. He could find no more words to comfort her. He began to fill his pipe. His hands were steady enough, but the look in his eyes told her a great deal.

This he realized, and in an effort to give her encouragement, managed to coax up a slow, small grin.

"No, we can't do anything about the weather." Again he pretended to grin. "Reckon orange tree wouldn't care to grow outside in these parts."

Her jaw dropped. "Jim! I've forgotten. I've forgotten to put oil in the lamp."

He pulled his pipe out of his mouth. His stare was a weary bleakness; and suddenly his lips trembled. Little it might be, this last straw, and yet this final, trivial thing had taken the heart out of him.

She looked at him, aghast, wanting to say something to help him. She could not get out a word.

His shoulders sagged. "That'll be the end of the little tree," he muttered at last, and got up and went plodding heavily across to the outhouse.

He was such a long time away, she went after him. The lighted candle he had taken with him was on the window-ledge. The house was chilly and dank, and she scarcely dared look at the small shrub, imagining the blackened, drooping thing it had become. But she forced herself to go up to him and gaze at the pot.

There stood the orange tree, not blackened, but a young, sappy green. Two of the three ripening beads were changing into true orange, and several more were showing yellow promise. She put her hand on the lamp: it was still warm.

In Jim's eyes there was the light of a quiet and marvelling smile. He turned to her, and pointed at the tree.

"Look at that titchy little thing! It's a fair capper. The cold didn't beat it. It makes you think."

She nodded, and there welled up through her a queer and mighty sense of gratitude.

"Ay, lass." His voice was firm and cheerful. "This means something. We must remember there's good weather as well as bad. Come a fine back-end at breeding time, an open spring next year, and likely there'll be a fine lot of twins among what's left. That'll help build up the flock again."

Hannah squeezed his arm. "It will. We'll make out, Jim, I'm sure of it."

They stood smiling at the orange tree.

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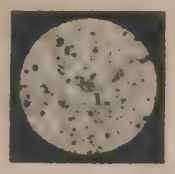

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MY FRIEND, MINE ENEMY

Continued from page 19

plaint came over the wind. Chased to the surface by pollock or by silver hake, harried from the air, the victims were making for sheltered water. This way? Who could tell?

But it was a compelling reason to finish the job on that tide. The scow rose and fell two feet now; and the sinking, adjusting, nailing of brush—all this was far more difficult. One foot on the heaving scow, the other on a slimy weir-ribbon, both hands free. For a landsman, that in itself would have been a balancing feat. To the three fishermen it was routine, and they worked almost as fast as before, splashed above their thigh boots. The water crept up the weir.

They knelt to fix the last piece of brush. After a brief two hours the tide was coming into its strength—the first rippled murmur had changed already to a sibilant spate. The weir was no longer a poled edifice; but squat now in the water. Tide-furrows cut away from each trembling stake, pointing in one direction—to the Funnel; and that, too, had come alive. Above the noise of wind, the near rush of flood, the men's grunted breath, the slap of waves under the scow, the gulls' cacophonic melody, came another sound. The Funnel was growling.

ANGUS THORPE stood up. "Good," he said. He was a man of fifty-seven, not as young as he used to be, tired after four hours of such concentrated effort; but he was pleased with the two of them—as good workers as you could hope for. He glanced round his weir. It was complete again; it would hold herring. Then he noticed the driftwood.

Another baulk was battering against the seaward side of the weir, near the outer end of the circle where the current was strongest. It was too big—they could never get rid of it from inside. The three men cursed. Twice in two days was too much—although to be expected, for driftwood came on the big spring tides.

"We can't move that now," he said. "Home."

"If we don't get rid of it," Jake said, "there'll be more gaps to mend, and we'll lose herring. Look!"

"That's right," said Tom. The gulls were closer. They were in frenzied activity, the direction of movement certainly this way. It could mean that great schools of fish were coming to the Funnel.

"No," Angus said. "Never work outside the weir on a flood-tide." It was his rule—one of the rules which had made a dangerous place safe. The picture of three seals was suddenly clear in his mind; but it had nothing to do with this decision.

"You can be scared of spooks," said Jake. "I'm not." He got into the dinghy. "Give us the axe, Tom."

Angus Thorpe was a man slow to anger. He was resentful rather than angry now; and he had age's feeling of weakness against confident youth. They had shown him to be wrong once before. He knew he was right; but then this headstrong Jake would probably get away with it. I would have done it when I was young, he thought, and wavered a moment because of the herring. But no; you made rules and you stuck to them.

"If you get in that rip, you're a goner," he said.

"Nobody's askin' you to take the risk," called Jake. His voice was strong in the wind, and he himself was strong. It was true that he was scared of nothing. He loosened the painter, fitted oars to rowlocks, and rowed for the mouth. On this shoreward side of the weir the current was not so bad. Jake made it easily. He shipped his oars at the mouth, stood up with legs spread wide cross the thwart. Now he was outside, hauling the dinghy fast by hand from stake to stake around the circle. It was still safe, for the tide held him into the weir. It would be quite safe until he was near that pounding baulk at the outer circle-edge where the main tide rip swept now in a flurry of broken water. It would be safe even there if he did not slip.

Angus cupped his hands and shouted: "Tie the painter!"

But Jake only laughed. You could see the exhilaration in him as he heaved at the stakes and the tossing dinghy moved on. Jake was grace and youth and arrogance.

"Tie it, you damn' fool!"

He had reached the baulk. It was end-on to the wall of the weir, lodged against a stake. At each surging wave, the stake shuddered and bent under its impact.

Jake knelt in the bow. He still disdained a safety rope. With one hand he held to the birch-ribbon, with the other he grasped at the baulk. He heaved. You could see his face contort, his arm muscles cord in effort. Nothing at all happened until the next slacker moment. Then the baulk came free. Jake held it while the outer end swung to the current. He gave a final grunting shove.

As he did so, the dinghy plunged and lurched Jake against the weir. He let go for a second to protect himself. A second was too long. He gripped again, but his hand slipped on the beslimed ribbon.

The baulk had turned slowly. The light dinghy spun like a coracle. By the time Jake had jumped from bow to stern, it was too late. Dinghy followed driftwood in a seven-knot rip, gathering speed into the convergence.

"Row!" Angus bellowed. But Jake was already rowing with short, fierce strokes across current. The far side was hopeless—a sheer wall. His only hope was to make for their own side of the Funnel entrance. There, at this time of the tide, a flat shelf still stood above water.

It was a forlorn hope, at the best a postponement. But even if Jake did reach the shelf, he could never stop the dinghy. Broad-shouldered, black-haired, he rowed gallantly to his destruction.

"Take your boots off and jump!"

Jake turned down the rubber tops, whipped off his boots, gave two mighty strokes at the oars, stood on the bow, poised almost nonchalantly, then he jumped, landed up to his waist in the torrent, tottered, rallied, gained a rock. He heaved himself slowly on to the ledge.

The dinghy flew on into the maw of the Funnel, white amid white foam, then dipped out of sight over the drop.

MARY, at that moment, was standing at the door of the house. It had turned to a bright, clear day of wind. To her right the bay sparkled, waves broke white, and five miles across on the other side, the hills were blue—the deepest blue imaginable. It was the kind of day she loved.

She ran down the sheep path to the shore and stood watching the long line of Thorpe Island. It was half flood and

TAKE MY TIP

DOGS usually push their food bowls all over the kitchen in their efforts to get every morsel of food. I found that a simple way to stop this was to glue a rubber ring from a preserving jar to the underside of the dish.—Mrs. L. Guthrie, Thornton, near Blackpool, Lancashire.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

they should be returning. She was anxious, although she had no sensible reason for anxiety. The men could not follow an exact time schedule.

The wind whipped her hair as she gazed out over the bay. And then, out of the lathered foam of the Funnel, came an upturned dinghy. It floated placidly in the lee.

Mary caught her breath, staring at the dinghy. There was no sign of any wreckage or of the three men who had set out that morning to fish.

For a moment she was too stunned even to move. Then she ran quickly to the wharf, jumped into the old dinghy they had left behind.

The engine did not start at the first pull, nor the second, nor the third. But the fourth time it fired, spluttered. She drew away into the bay.

THE dinghy was stove-in on one side. She circled it. No body. A drowned man sank deep in rubber boots. But then she did see something—boots, just what she had been thinking of—two boots floating separately upside down, air trapped. And she knew whose they were with that big red patch on one heel. They were Jake's boots. Jake dead. Wild Jake; always fooling. But he might have taken them off. There was a small chance.

Suppose the men were still with the scow inside the weir; then the big boat would be moored at the inlet, and no way of getting the unwieldy scow over there. The survivors would be helpless without a dinghy. "If there are survivors," she said aloud.

She opened the throttle wide and followed the coast of the island, as close to shore as she dared.

There was water in the boat, and more was coming in, sloshing over her ankles. She swung north-east to the Funnel, and started bailing. The water was rough now. There had not been time for a real sea to get up, but they were choppy five-foot seas on the beam and a ground swell under them. It was dangerous enough in a leaking dinghy with rocks to leeward. Mary turned half out and went crab-fashion in the arms of wind, sea and tide, keeping off shore.

She was soaking from head to foot, her arm aching from bailing when she approached the weir. She could see the big boat moored at the inlet as she had expected, scow just at the mouth of the weir, and two men—was it two?

They had seen her. One of them was shouting. But she could not hear in the roar of motor and clap of wind. He was waving to her, beckoning, holding fingers to top of head in the soldier's signal—*close on me,* as Tom had taught her when they were children in the woods. It was what she had to know. They wanted the dinghy, not the boat.

She turned and ran before the sea, which piled astern, and came to the mouth. She threw the painter to Uncle Angus, stopped the motor, jumped on to the scow.

Then she saw Jake. He was standing at the edge of the Funnel. Above him was a four-foot overhang, on either side vertical, smooth rock. The water was at his knees. It was a small, open cave, about the size of a sentry-box. They called that place the Boomer. For a few minutes on the flood, waves would drive into the top of the cavity, expel the air—*boom,* hollow, reverberating, a giant's drum. Then the tide would swallow it.

Jake stood there. He was quite still, arms against the rock on either side. He raised his right hand and waved to Mary. It was a brave gesture.

She saw this in a few seconds. But Angus and Tom had already begun to act. Angus untied the painter from the bow, knotted it to the stern thwart. Meanwhile, Tom tied the end of a long coil of manilla to the painter-hole in the stem. Mary saw at once what they were going to do.

"Let me go," she said. "I'm lighter."

"Light weight's no help," grunted Angus. He got aboard, forced the dinghy through the brushwood wing, spent a few precious minutes disentangling the screw from the trailing brushwood, and then Tom was paying out line as the dinghy moved slowly out.

Uncle Angus started the motor, kept it just above the idle. "Faster!" he called to Tom. "More line." The reason was clear enough—for hardly a foot of the big stakes was now above the surface. Water was coming up quickly.

The dinghy moved carefully round to Jake's position, Uncle Angus rowing with his right oar, trying to edge her in. He picked up his stern rope, stood in the cavorting boat and threw the coil. It fell short. He coiled, rowed again, stood, threw a second time.

Jake had the rope. The water was at his thighs. You could see it lifting the weight out of him. He braced elbows against the sides of the Boomer, pulled in with the strength of his forearms only. The dinghy pitched and twisted at the edge of the cliff. This was the worst moment. But he made it: heaved himself aboard, went to the bow, knowing what to do. He heaved in the line, using all the strength of chest, shoulders, arms against planted legs, as is the way of fishermen. With the motor to help him, they came back quickly.

JAKE smiled at Mary. His face was pale, and his teeth chattered. He looked neither pleased with himself, nor sorry. She wondered what had happened. Just then the Boomer boomed.

"Fetch the boat," said Angus to Tom, who went off by himself along the wing in the dinghy.

"We'll leave the scow." Angus and Jake tied it to four stakes, tops awash

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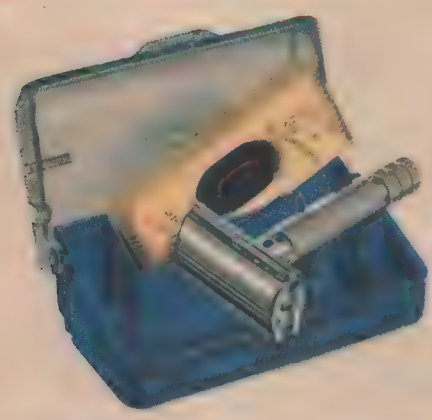

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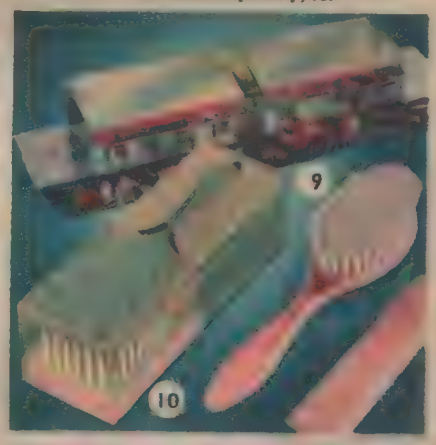

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now. They tied it with a complexity of varying lengths of rope, which would let it swing from the submerged stakes and ride at even pressure on each. To Mary it was a tangle, but she knew it would not be a tangle.

Here was Tom with the boat. They climbed aboard. Angus took a last look at the scow; he seemed satisfied. His face was wet and noble; the age-lines were cut deep in the back of his neck and at his eyes; but he did not seem old now.

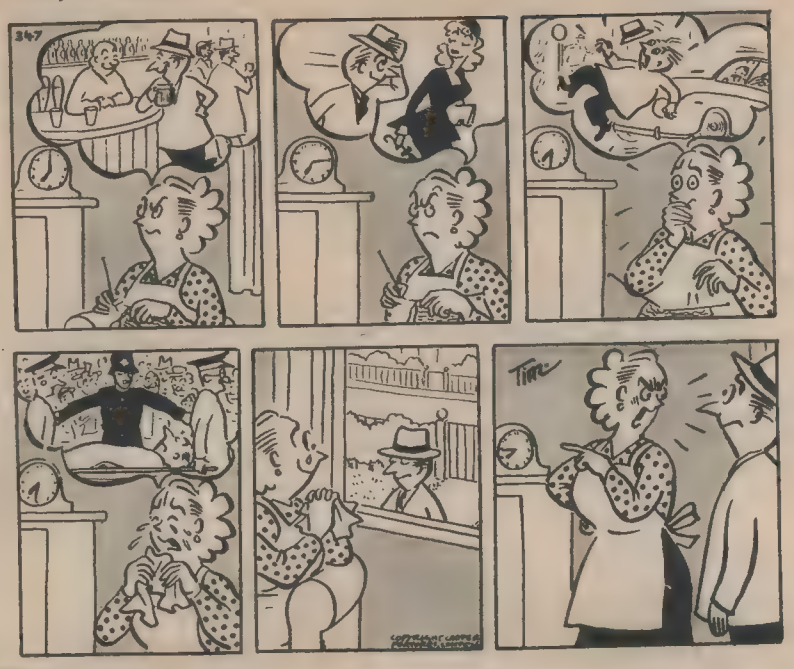
"Go back to the inlet," he said to Tom. "We'll wait there for ebb."

"I'm sorry," said Jake. "I guess I was a fool. You saved my life."

"If you knew less," Angus said, "you'd learn quicker. Get out of those wet clothes and light the stove." He turned his back on him. "You did well," he said to Mary.

Then he went to stand by himself in the stern. He looked beyond his weir. The Boomer was submerged. The water was better than halfway to flood mark. The Funnel was quieter in its cleft. There was the wind, and the gulls were crying. Angus Thorpe had won this round against his friend and enemy. The seals had been wrong. He smiled.

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



MARY tried not to ask, but in the end she had to: "What are you going to do about Jake?"

Uncle Angus looked up from his paper. He stared thoughtfully at her, then said: "All the time before you'd come, when we could do nothing, Jake stood quiet in the Boomer. Never cried for help."

She waited.

"That kind of boy will make a fisherman." Which was all the answer she got.

She went outside. The moon was full that evening. It was half-ebb, and the voice of the Funnel was not unfriendly. She went over to sit beside Jake Watson on the big rock. He had hardly spoken since their return, which was not like him. They stared down at the water. Except for that one noise it was a quiet night.

"Well," he said. "Do I get my wages tomorrow?"

"Not unless you want," she said, and told him what Uncle Angus had said.

Then they sat in silence until a dark thing broke the water. It was in the path of the moon, between them and the Funnel.

"What's that?"

The seal barked once and dived. It did not appear again.

"I must say that was a queer story," Jake said. "It happening twice; then the three of them again this morning, and now this one. Mebbe he came with a message."

"Perhaps to tell us it was all over," Mary said. She guessed Uncle Angus had been thinking that when he had smiled to himself at the stern.

Jake said nothing.

"I can see herring," she said suddenly.

"It's more'n I can." Disbelieving; the same Jake.

"Get a flat piece of wood then—to throw in."

He came back in a minute. "A barrel-top," he said. "All I could find." He crooked it in his hand like a big discus, swung his body and sent the wood spinning far out. Jake laughed. He loved to show off his strength.

"Watch!" she said.

It was falling flat, hit with a smack, sharp and loud. There was a long rippling blaze to right and left. The school had parted; they flashed a second time in the closing.

"Must have come through the Funnel. We'll seine tomorrow."

"Yes," she said. "Early to bed, early to rise. Good night, Jake."

Mary's dream that night was vivid. She sat with him to watch the silver herring. Jake and the sea; both good, both strong. But the sea you had to fight for a lifetime. THE END

ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 17

government, into business houses and banks, on to the boards of directors and the payrolls of industry, into publishing houses, insurance companies, the theatre, the Bar and journalism.

Membership of the party was the "Open, Sesame!" for the unsuccessful, the ambitious and the envious, all of whom made haste to scramble on the new bandwagon. Men were arrested, beaten and murdered for no more substantial reason than to satisfy a personal grudge, to get a man's job or his apartment.

In the summer of 1933, it looked as if this revolutionary wave would not exhaust itself until every single institution in Germany had been remodelled and brought under Nazi control. But there was a point beyond which this process could not be allowed to go without seriously endangering the efficiency of the State and the nation's economy. This was a danger to which Hitler, now the head of the government as well as the leader of a party, could not remain indifferent.

Accordingly, in the course of the summer he began to take steps to rein in the enthusiasm of his followers, particularly in their attempts to get their hands on big business and industry. The new Minister of Economy and Trade was the director-general of the biggest insurance company in Germany; Krupp remained the president of the Reich Corporation of German Industry; and Hess, the deputy leader of the party, issued an order forbidding interference with department stores and similar undertakings.

Hitler, however, was far from convincing all his followers of the need for this change of policy. The opposition was strongest in the ranks of the S.A. Storm-troopers, who looked back nostalgically to the spring, when Germany had appeared to be theirs to loot and lord over as they pleased. Then, an official job, a fast Mercédès car, an expenses account, had been within the reach of every S.A. sub-leader.

Now, they grumbled, the Nazis were going respectable and many who had secured their party card only the day before were allowed to stay in their jobs, while the veterans of the movement were left out on the streets. In characteristically elegant language, the S.A. began to talk of cleaning out the pig-sty and driving a few of the greedy swine away from the trough.

The spokesman of the discontented S.A. was Ernst Roehm, its Chief of Staff. Roehm, a man in his forties, brutal, scar-faced, rough-mannered and notorious for his homosexual habits, was one of the strongest personalities in the Nazi movement. He had known Hitler longer than any other of the Nazi leaders, treated him on a man-to-man basis, and was not afraid to shout back when he disagreed with him. Now he became openly critical of the direction in which Hitler was turning, and did not hesitate to say so.

Roehm's particular ambition was to get his hands on the army. He saw in his own S.A. organization the revolutionary army which should provide the military power of the New Germany. Like the gangsters they were, Roehm and his friends were envious and avid for the prestige, the power and the pickings they would acquire by supplanting the generals. Their motives were as crude as their manners, but they were tough and commanded powerful forces, and for that reason they could not be ignored.

Hitler's Dilemma

Hitler had no more love for the Officer Corps than Roehm. But in 1933 and 1934 he needed the generals' help. So long as Field Marshal Hindenburg remained President, the army would be a power in the State. Hitler could not carry out the rearmament of Germany without the generals, who, on their side, were adamant in refusing to accept the S.A. on an equal footing with the army, and determined that here was one institution which should not be Nazified.

For a long time Hitler did his best to pacify both sides. He constantly reassured the generals that he had no wish to interfere with the army. On the other hand, he made Roehm a member of the Reich Government and, at the beginning of 1934, sent him a New Year's greeting in an open letter which closed with the words: "I feel compelled to thank you, my dear Ernst Roehm, for the imperishable services which you have rendered to the Nazi movement and the German people, and to assure you how very grateful I am to Fate that I am able to call such men as you my friends and fellow combatants. In true friendship and grateful regard, Your Adolf Hitler."

Roehm, however, was not to be silenced by such sops. In February, 1934, he proposed in the Cabinet that the S.A. should be used as the basis for the expansion of the army, and that a single Minister should be appointed to take charge of the armed forces, together with all para-military and veterans' organizations. The obvious candidate for the post was Roehm himself. The High Command presented a unanimous opposition to such a demand and appealed to the President, as the guardian of the army's traditions, to put a stop to Roehm's game.

A Secret Deal

At the beginning of April, Hitler was secretly informed that President Hindenburg could not be expected to live very much longer. This piece of news transformed the situation for Hitler. He was determined that he and no one else should succeed to Hindenburg's position as Head of the State and Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. The agreement of the army to such a step was obviously of the first importance. Roehm could not be allowed to spoil his plans at so critical a juncture.

On April 11, Hitler left Kiel for naval manoeuvres on broad the cruiser *Deutschland*, accompanied by General von Blomberg, the Minister of Defence, Colonel-General von Fritsch, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Admiral Raeder, the Commander-in-Chief of the navy. In the course of *Deutschland's* short voyage, a bargain was struck: the succession for Hitler, in return for the suppression of Roehm's plans and the continued inviolability of the army as the sole armed force in the State.

Meanwhile, there were others besides the leaders of the army who were waiting eagerly for Roehm to make a false move. Goering, the Nazi boss of Prussia, was on the worst of terms with the Chief of Staff of the S.A. So was Heinrich Himmler, the thin-lipped, cold and watchful commander of the S.S. Between the brown shirts of the S.A. and the black shirts of the S.S. *corps d'élite* there was a good deal of jealousy and bad blood.

Roehm and other of the S.A. leaders, like Edmund Heines, the vicious S.A. boss in Silesia, had acquired a bad reputation for the disorder, luxury and perversion of their way of living. It was not difficult to collect material with which to blacken the S.A. Chief, and his enemies diligently set to work.

Hitler was loth to break with Roehm, but he could not ignore the growing tension between the S.A. and the army, and so on June 4 he sent for Roehm and had a conversation with him lasting five hours. During the course of their talk, Hitler warned Roehm against any attempt to force his hand by starting a "second revolution," while Roehm on his side tried to win Hitler over to his pet scheme for making the S.A. the core of the new army.

No final decision was reached, but Hitler persuaded Roehm to send the S.A. on leave for the month of July in order to relieve the tension and free him from embarrassment during the impending crisis of the succession.

Roehm himself agreed to go on sick leave. Before setting out, however, he issued a communiqué which ended with the ominous sentences: "If the foes of the S.A. are nursing the hope that the S.A. will not return from their leave, we are ready to let them enjoy this hope for a short time. At the hour and in the form which appears to be necessary, they will receive the fitting answer. The S.A. is and remains Germany's destiny."

Month Of Rumours

One promise Roehm had exacted from Hitler: he would come to a conference of the S.A. leaders to discuss the future of the movement at Wiessee, near Munich, on June 30. It was a rendezvous Hitler did not fail to keep.

Throughout June, 1934, rumours of a purge or an attempt at a *putsch*, or both, multiplied; the atmosphere in political circles in Berlin became electric. Hitler, however, still hoped to patch up some sort of a compromise, but he was soon given a sharp reminder of the urgency of the situation from an unexpected quarter.

Papen had dropped into the background since the spring of 1933, but he still remained Vice-Chancellor and still enjoyed the special confidence of the old and now failing President. In a bid to take advantage of the divisions inside the party and re-assert himself, Papen made a speech at Marburg on June 17 which crystallized the anxieties of the whole nation.

He spoke out frankly against those

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who demanded that the revolution should continue. "Whoever toys irresponsibly with such ideas should not forget that a second wave of revolution might be followed by a third, and that he who threatens to employ the guillotine may be its first victim. No people can afford to indulge in a permanent revolt from below. At some time the movement must come to an end and a solid social structure arise."

Hitler was furious at Papen's intervention, and publication of the speech was forbidden, but the Vice-Chancellor's protest became known throughout Germany, and when he appeared in public at Hamburg a few days later he was loudly cheered.

On the 21st, Hitler flew out to Hindenburg's estate at Neudeck to visit the ailing President.

He was met by the Minister of Defence, General von Blomberg, with an uncompromising message: either Hitler's government must bring about a relaxation of the state of tension, or the President would declare martial law and hand over power to the army. The army was claiming the fulfilment of its bargain. If Hitler did not act now, his whole position was in jeopardy.

During the next week, preparations were quietly made by the two men who were set on downing Roehm: Goering and Himmler. The army was quite content to leave the actual execution of the purge to them, but the generals took their own precautions. On June 25 all troops were confined to barracks and alerted.

Taken By Surprise

The pretext for proceeding against Roehm and his supporters was the need to forestall plans for an S.A. *putsch* to take Hitler captive and force him to carry out their wishes. Such a proposal is quite likely to have been discussed by the S.A. leaders, but there is no evidence at all to show that they had ever made preparations to carry out such plans. On the contrary, Roehm was completely taken by surprise, and the account Hitler later gave bears all the marks of the awkward apologia of a murderer seeking to justify his crime by defaming the victims.

On June 29, Goering's and Himmler's plans were complete, and Hitler at last made up his mind to act. At 2 a.m. on June 30, Hitler took off by plane for Bonn, having telegraphed to Roehm to expect him the next day for the S.A. leaders' conference at Wiessee.

Hitler's plane alighted in Munich, and in the early morning of June 30 a column of cars tore down the road to the summer resort of Wiessee, where Roehm and Heines were still asleep in their beds at the Hanselbauer Hotel.

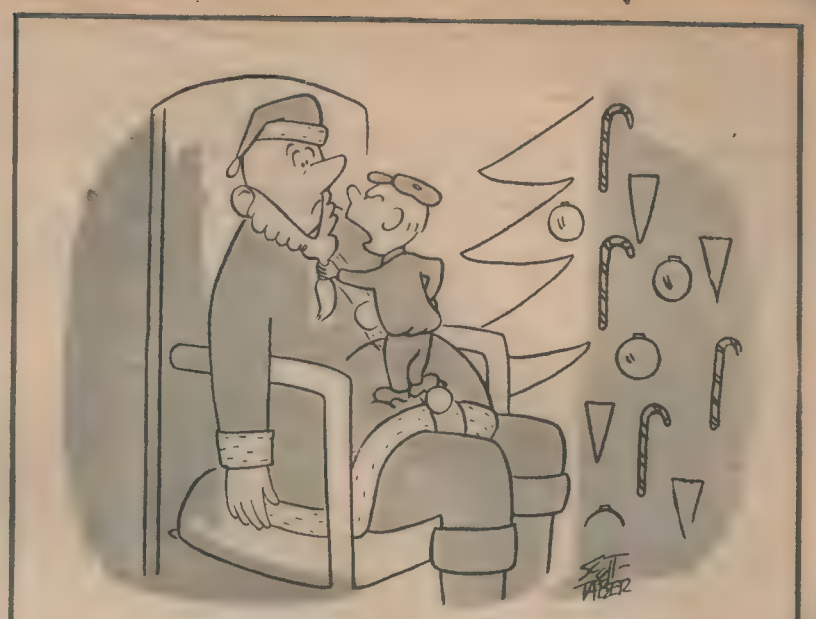
When Hitler arrived, Roehm was seized in his pyjamas and bundled into a car. Heines is said by some witnesses to have been dragged out and shot by the side of the road. Others say he was taken to Munich with Roehm and shot there.

Shot On His Doorstep

Back in Munich, S.S. storm-troopers provided a shooting squad at the Stadelheim Prison. It was there that Roehm had been imprisoned after Hitler's unsuccessful *putsch* in 1923; it was there that he was now shot by order of the man who, seven months before, had written to thank him for his imperishable services.

In Berlin, the executions, directed by Goering and Himmler, began on Friday night, June 29-30, and continued throughout the Saturday and Sunday. The chief place of execution was the Lichterfelde Cadet School, and the neighbours spent two days and nights constantly disturbed by the volleys of shots from the firing squads.

The net was spread more widely than the leaders of the S.A. When the former Chancellor, General von Schleicher, went to answer a ring at his front door, he was shot down where he stood, and his wife with him. Gregor Strasser, an old comrade of Hitler's early days and once his chief rival in the party, was arrested and shot in his cell. Officially he was said to have committed suicide.



"First of all, let's talk about last year"

Goering would certainly have removed von Papen, too, if he had not been under the special protection of the President. Despite this, Papen's office was wrecked, he was kept under house arrest for four days, and two of his advisers murdered. One of them, von Bose, was talking to two callers in his office at the Vice-Chancellory when he was asked to step into the next room and speak to three S.S. men. Shots rang out: when the door was opened, the S.S. men had gone. Von Bose lay dead on the floor.

Later on the Saturday, Hitler returned from Munich. An eye-witness, H. B. Gisevius, has described the scene when Hitler's plane landed at the Tempelhof airfield. The first to step out was Hitler. "He wore no hat; his face was pale, unshaven, sleepless, at once gaunt and puffed."

Scene Out Of Wagner

Without saying a word, he inspected the guard of honour. He turned to walk to his car, accompanied by Goering and Himmler. "From one of his pockets, Himmler took a long, tattered list. Hitler read it through while Goering and Himmler whispered incessantly into his ear. We could see Hitler's finger moving slowly down the sheet of paper. Now and then it paused for a moment at one of the names. Suddenly Hitler tossed his head. There was so much violent emotion, so much anger in the gesture, that everyone noticed it. Undoubtedly, we thought, they were now informing him of Gregor Strasser's 'suicide.' . . .

"The pathos of the scene, the woe-begone expressions, the combination of violent fantasy and grim reality, the blood-red sky, like a scene out of Wagner—it was really too much for me."

The executions went on all day Sunday—while Hitler gave a tea-party in the Chancellory garden—and were not confined to Berlin. Only on Monday morning did the shootings cease, and the German people, shaken and shocked, returned to work.

On Tuesday, General von Blomberg conveyed the Cabinet's congratulations to the Chancellor. He had already expressed the devotion of the army in a special order of the day: "The Fuehrer asks us to establish cordial relations with the new S.A. This we shall joyfully endeavour to do in the belief that we serve a common ideal." The generals were very well satisfied with the events of the weekend.

How many were killed has never been settled, and probably never will be, for Goering ordered all the evidence to be destroyed. One well-documented list gives a total of four hundred; there may have been more. Many private grudges were satisfied that weekend which had little, if anything, to do with Roehm and the S.A. Some were even shot by mistake.

In Munich, on the night of June 30, Dr. Willi Schmidt, the music critic of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, was practising the 'cello, while his wife made supper and their three children were playing. Suddenly the doorbell rang and four S.S. men came to take him away without explanation. There never was any explanation, except that they were looking for someone else with the same name and shot the wrong man.

The S.A. was finished as an independent factor. Under its new Chief of Staff, Lutze, who was considered reliable, it never again played a prominent rôle. Hitler had fulfilled his part of the bargain with the army. The generals were ready to fulfil theirs.

When President Hindenburg died on the morning of August 2, all had been arranged; there was neither hitch nor delay. Within an hour came the announcement that the office of President would henceforward be merged with that of Chancellor, and that Hitler would become Head of the State and Supreme Commander as well. The same day, the officers and men of the German Army took the new oath of allegiance. Its form had been changed: they swore allegiance, not to the constitution or to the Fatherland, but to Hitler personally.

The army leaders continued to congratulate themselves on the outcome of the crisis. Yet for anyone less blind than the generals, the way in which Hitler had dealt with the threat of a second revolution ought to have brought consternation rather than satisfaction. Never had he made so patent his indifference to all respect for law or humanity. Never had he illustrated so clearly the revolutionary character of his régime as in disowning the revolution.

If Hitler's hesitation in June had led people to say that he had virtually abdicated, he had brutally re-asserted his authority in the "Night of the Long Knives."

Master Of Germany

On August 7, 1934, the old President was buried with full military honours in the national memorial at Tannenberg, the scene of his victory over the Russians in 1914. Hitler himself pronounced the funeral address. It was a renewal of the symbolic gesture he had made at Potsdam the year before—but with a difference.

Between March, 1933, and August, 1934, the balance of power in Germany had shifted—to Hitler's advantage. He had ended the Nazi revolution, but in the very act of ending it he had demonstrated more convincingly than ever before who was now master of Germany.

*NEXT WEEK: **Hitler quarrels with his generals, and launches an attack on Russia***

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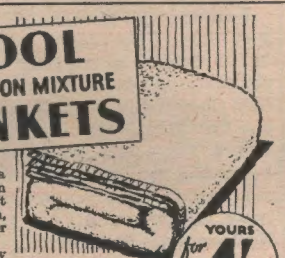

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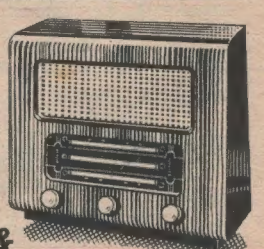

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MR. WILLI MAKES NEW FACES IN HALF AN HOUR

Continued from page 11

the age of twenty-two and had been very much in love with his young wife until his best friend had enticed her away. Somehow, he got hold of a revolver and, when he next found them together, shot the friend dead. Bitterness, remorse and the hard life at Dartmoor had combined to ruin his face. "Won't you change it?" he pleaded.

Remembering a previous experience, Willi hesitated. "I shall have to write to Scotland Yard first," he said. The man said he would come back. "But he never did," says Willi. "I heard later that he'd emigrated."

The work Willi takes most pride in is lifting faces, an operation few people have out of mere vanity. "A man at fifty notices that people treat him differently," he says. "All is written on his face—his failures, his disappointments. He wants to look young again and regain his confidence."

Many women believe that a face-lift will help them to keep their husband's love. Women doctors come because it is essential for business reasons that they look well-cared for and fit. "Corsets make an ageing woman's body look like that of Venus de Milo," says Willi, "but she can't wear a brassière on her dewlap."

Uses Patient's Fat

Willi does not pretend to be a doctor. He has no British qualifications and is not on the Medical Register. Typical of the men and women who go to him to have their faces lifted for professional reasons was the middle-aged concert singer whose work was her livelihood. Unfortunately, she had developed large bags under the eyes and a disfiguring double chin. Her engagements were getting fewer and fewer. After simple surgical treatment, she was able to revive her career.

When a young man or woman loses weight, the skin is sufficiently elastic to tighten of its own accord. In older people, however, the skin loses its elasticity and sags into lines, wrinkles and folds. Occasionally, Willi removes small lines round the mouth by filling out the skin with a piece of fat taken from the patient's own body. When the skin of the whole face hangs loose, however, the best remedy is a face-lift.

Willi first shaves a half-inch strip of hair down each temple about an inch inside the hair-line, and gums back the hair on each side with aseptic glue. An incision is then made down the shaved part, close in front of the ear, round the lobe and about an inch up the back. After inserting his gloved fingers and loosening the skin from the muscles about half-way across the face and neck, he draws the skin upwards and back, cuts away the surplus and stitches the remainder to the far edge of the original incision.

The operation is performed under a local anaesthetic in less than half an hour. "In eight days," he says, "the scar is invisible." The upper part is concealed by the surrounding hair, the rest is so close to the ear as not to be noticed. With smaller but similar operations, he can correct double-chins and pouches above or below the eyes.

"Face-lifting makes a woman look ten to fifteen years younger," says Willi. "She should have her first lift at forty-five and another ten years later. Her skin won't sag after that."

Many of his patients are so afraid that friends will get to know they have had their faces lifted that they give him a false name. One woman said she was a milliner, and when he complimented her on her excellent diction she told him that elocution was her hobby. Years later, sitting with his wife in a theatre, he saw her acting a major part in a Shakespearian play.

Noses Disliked Most

"It's merely a question of looking your best according to your own views," says Willi. In his experience, the part of the anatomy which most often conflicts with the views of its owner is the human nose. Most people in Britain have the ideal of an "Aryan" nose—a straight nose that does not turn up or down at the end. People with hooked or snub noses often want them straightened. Other noses detested by their owners are Roman noses, Greek noses, potato noses, bulldog noses, humped noses, saddle noses and devil noses.

Sometimes the difficulties caused by the wrong sort of nose are concrete enough, as in the case of the Jew who was being hounded by the Gestapo. When he had his nose changed, they failed to recognize him. Again, when Willi removed the hump from a young actress's nose, she was able to play youthful parts previously denied her.

But often the difficulties are psychological. One young man with a humped nose told Willi that his fellow-workers were ridiculing him. He was unable to hold any post for long and became morose and depressed. When Willi gave him a new nose, he became healthy and cheerful. Another young man took too seriously his sweetheart's arch complaint that his nose got in the way when they kissed. "It's not what other people really think," says Willi. "It's what these people think they think."

New Outlook On Life

It is not unusual, therefore, for a new nose to give the patient a completely new outlook on life. When Willi visited his tailor, one of the assistants found out who he was and fixed an appointment. "I'm an intelligent man," he said. "But with a nose like mine, I just can't get ahead." It was easily changed. Two years later, he came back to thank Willi. He was confident and well-dressed. "I have just opened a business," he announced, "and I have a hundred and fifty people working for me."

A film-struck young patient made the mistake of taking seriously the film industry's stock excuse for rejection: she didn't photograph well. Ascribing her failure to her nose, she paid Willi to alter it. "She never got into films," says Willi. "But she *did* marry a clergyman."

Before reshaping a nose, Willi decides what shape will best suit the face. He refuses to alter a nose which he thinks is already appropriate to the patient's face and temperament. He finds that most faults can be corrected by the insertion of an appropriately shaped piece of cartilage, taken from the ear of a bull and marketed by a Chicago meat firm. The skin of the nose is first anesthetized, an incision made and the cartilage fitted into place. The operation takes less than thirty minutes. The result is permanent and cannot be affected by either a hard knock or extreme heat.

Willi can also shorten the tip of a nose by removing a triangular piece of the septum, the piece of cartilage that separates the nostrils. He can reduce a hump by chiselling away the superfluous bone or cartilage. When a nose is too broad at the base, he fines it down by cutting away a small section

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Be your age

LOTS of people fail to grow up emotionally as they grow up physically—and they do it deliberately because *they find it pays.*

Sulks, tantrums, peevish irresponsibility should play no part in an adult's mental life. To dodge life's problems by sheltering behind selfishness and wilful indifference is downright thieving. Such people steal from others' inner resources instead of relying on their own.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

of the wings where they join the cheek. A nose with an over-fleshy tip is corrected by cutting away small sections of skin from the nostrils or a single section from the centre of the tip.

Bent noses are more difficult. With specially designed scissors, he cuts the bent part of the septum into several strips and sews them together in such a way that the curve disappears. All these are trivial operations, painless under a local anaesthetic and completely healed in about a week.

Perhaps Willi's most exciting experience with a patient came when a dirty, unkempt man was shown into his office and roughly demanded that his nose be shortened. Willi was disturbed, and pretended to examine him. "A very difficult case," he pronounced. "I don't think I could do it."

The man saw through him. "You *will* do it," he threatened. Willi looked at it again. This time, in order to make sure of driving him away, he said: "Well, it *can* be done—for a hundred guineas." Without a word, the man took out a roll of banknotes and peeled off a hundred and five pounds.

Never Saw Him Again

With no more excuses left, Willi had to operate. "You'll have to stay for a day or two for after-care," he said. At first the man refused, but at last he agreed to stay overnight. Next day he left. "Come back in two days," said Willi. The man grunted. Willi never saw him again. A few days later, he read that the police were looking for a man exactly like his patient in connection with a robbery. He phoned Scotland Yard. But it was too late. The man had left Britain.

As with noses, unsightly ears can almost always be corrected by cutting away surplus tissues, or by simple insertions of bovine cartilage under a local anaesthetic.

By a similar insertion of cartilage, Willi can build up a receding chin. He removes frowns by cutting out the scored piece of skin and joining up the ends. Tiny red veins in the nose which make many teetotallers' lives a misery disappear under a cauterizing needle.

If the skin is completely wrinkled or discoloured, Willi paints it with a chemical solution which penetrates the top two layers and allows a new skin to grow underneath. Later, the dead top skin can be peeled away.

Willi's combined home and clinic has bedrooms for seven patients for the short time they need to stay after their operations. For face-lifting, he charges about fifty guineas, though he may waive his fee for a deserving case. "I can't do it for less," he says. "My expenses alone come to £6,000 a year."

One Operation A Day

Eventually, he hopes that aesthetic plastic surgery will be available for everyone and accepted as freely as dentistry is today. He prefers to do only a single operation a day because he finds the work exhausting. Sometimes, however, the demand drives him to do two or even three.

He takes medically qualified students, one at a time, without fees, "so that my forty years' experience is not lost," and now has twelve disciples in Italy, South America, Britain, Hungary and Hollywood. In Britain, there are only five other "aesthetic plastic surgeons" who do the same sort of thing as Willi. Reconstructive surgery, the technique by which new faces were built on war wounded, is an entirely separate skill, outside Willi's competence.

He himself is exceptionally active for his age. When possible, he spends three months of each year on the Continent, one ski-ing in Switzerland, one sunning on the Riviera, and a third touring. Every day he walks for three hours with his Alsatian, Rex.

"The best way of looking young is to keep healthy," he says. "Why don't I have my face lifted? I wouldn't trust anybody to do it." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Kenneth Horne as a child.

CHRISTMAS CASH INCREASED to £1,160!

Over 100 Cheques for "Bullets" and Crosswords—all reaching winners on Christmas Eve!

HERE is the monster climax to this season's Christmas Prize Offers in JOHN BULL. As long as you live, you would never forget Christmas 1952 as winner of this week's giant £750 *Bullets* First. Think of it—a £750 fortune *yours* by Christmas Eve, to bring many a prosperous New Year for you, followed by a valuable JOHN BULL presentation every month in 1953! With ninety-nine other cheques arriving on Christmas Eve and giant luxury hampers also within your reach, this final Christmas opportunity is one of the finest of 1952.

In Crosswords, too, there is extra Christmas cash to be won—but all these fine prizes, remember, are only for readers who post their coupons by Monday, December 8. See that *you* are among them!

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Baby 1953
Key To Contentment
The American Eagle
Better Off
In Life's Twilight
Goddess Of Chance
We Learn By Mistakes, So
With Her Eyes Shut
Model Motorist
Under The Iron Heel
Chattering
Looked A Bit Sheepish
Man In Handcuffs
Twelve Months
A Thoroughbred

Studded With Diamonds
Foreman Grandpa
Like A Fairy Castle
Squashed
Boos, Whistles, Catcalls

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

In The New.....
Brute Of A.....
What ..... Wants
.....To The End
Thinking Of.....
.....Got Busy And

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,863 (or Xword 815), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

"Bullets" Winners 1,858

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Turkey: Mrs. J. M. Smith, "Bryncott," Roundmead Road, Basingstoke:

Man In A Fog
Or "New Dawn's" Mist?

£50 plus Turkey: W. Whittaker, 21 Ellenboro Road, Sheffield: NOT EASILY HARNESSED—EXCEPT TO "GUN-CARRIAGE," ATOM?

£25 plus Turkey: Mrs. A. Bertram, 22 Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow: IN MEMORY'S ALBUM—"SPACIOUS DAYS" COME CROWDING.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: L. A. Bourne, 304 Hythe Road, Ashford, Kent: LED TO THE PORTRAIT—IN ROGUES' GALLERY, PICTURES? £9: Mrs. E. Warburton, 12 Gainsborough Avenue, Oldham: THE OLD BRIGADE—SLOWLY MARCHING, QUICKENS HEARTBEAT. £8: Mrs. G. Smith, 30 Lewis Road, Middlesbrough: WORKERS IN AMERICA—FAST? CAN'T CATCH PRICES! £7: F. W. Howes, "Forest View," Faire Road, Glenfield, Leicester: TO BEAT THE BANDIT—POVERTY, TOO—*Bank* MONEY! £6: Mrs. D. Cole, 155 St. Mary's Road, Southampton: EMPEROR STALIN—THAT "CAPITALIST TOOL"—FOREMAN! £5: W. Rose, 109 Sturry Road, Canterbury: LED TO THE DIFFERENCE—"YOU'RE LIKE YOUR MOTHER—!" £5: Mrs. C. H. Williams, 32A Meadow Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells: A BIT VINEGARY—"COCKLES" OF *Official's* HEART! (Last seven winners each also receives Turkey.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Turkey, see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in JOHN BULL, dated January 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, December 20, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,863 result.)

TRY THIS £150 CROSSWORD!

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

£100 CASH FIRST PRIZE

£50 CASH for First Runners-up

UP TO 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES
—one for each 2nd Runner-up

EXTRA for XMAS If you win a prize with a fully-completed 2s. coupon, a novel Crossword Surprise will reach you at Christmas.

Across Clues XWORD 815

1. As a rule young limbs don't take kindly to being this at school
4. After day's excursion family returns full of
5. Some look forward to, but are bitterly disappointed
7. Most amateurs regard gardening as one
8. Those who ask for it don't always get it
11. Some kiddies will play about with, if you allow them
12. Modern artist may be influenced too much by

Down Clues

1. Calls for special safety precautions at Coronation time
2. Easily recognized new type has come along in recent years
3. Sometimes just refuses to play ball
4. There's a time when you may come across this on moors or fells
6. This can be more terrifying when in the dark
8. Because iron is malleable it is very often this
9. What many a couple dispenses with at wedding
10. It's serious when one falls off

XWORD 810 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Food. 6, Flare. 8, Daft. 10, Tar. 13, Bed. 14, Pint. 15, Gags. DOWN: 2, Dada. 3, Meat. 4, Tank. 5, Mark. 7, Chase. 9, Form. 11, Wine. 12, Limp.

Six £100 SHARERS: J. J. Adams, Aberdeen; Miss E. Bowles, Watford, Herts; F. Matei, London, S.W.12; Miss B. R. Myles, Dundee; Miss E. Rumboll, Matlock, Derbys; Mrs. M. Summerfield, Wolverton, Bucks. Each winner also receives fine Christmas Dinner.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 128 entrants. Useful "Signpost Prizes" for 2nd Runners-up.

EXAMPLE	FREE
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

GIANT XMAS HAMPERS as BONUSES

Containing 10-lb. Turkey, 4-lb. Christmas Pudding, 4-lb. Iced Christmas Cake, Tongue, Tin of Raspberries, Box of Scotch Shortbread, Jar of Ginger, Dessert Dates, Apples, Oranges and Nuts, Cheese, Crackers, Virginia Cigarettes, fine old Port and BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! Presented with each prize of £2 10s. or over if won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,863 CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, DEC. 8

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

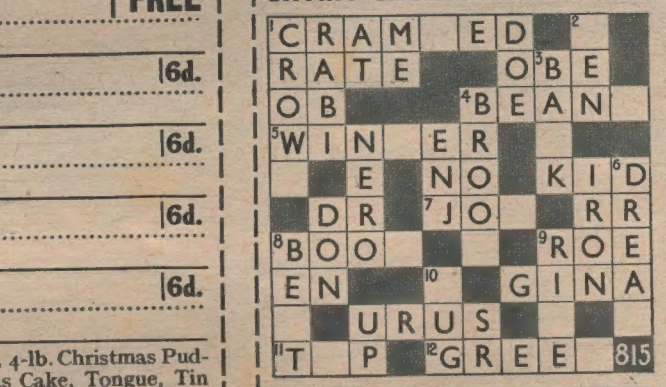
.....

676

GET YOUR BULLETIN

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 20, containing fine Television offer.

EXTRA CASH for XWORDS THIS WEEK!



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **815** Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 8

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 20.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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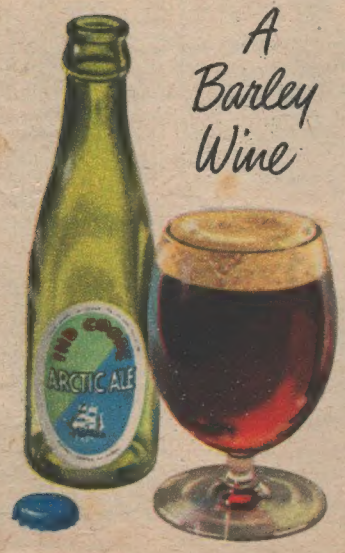
Members of the British North Greenland Expedition drink their Arctic Ale in a temperature of -30°C
(An artist's impression)

IND COOPE'S
ARCTIC ALE
Keeps out the cold



A Barley Wine

Among the supplies now being carried by the British North Greenland Expedition . . . which expects to meet temperatures as low as *minus* thirty degrees centigrade! . . . will be a good supply of Ind Coope's Arctic Ale. First brewed a century ago for the Polar Expedition which sailed to rescue the explorer Franklin, this fine full-bodied Barley Wine has been a welcome and warming influence on many such expeditions since.

And for those who find their adventure in less Spartan ways, Arctic Ale is a mellow and heartening drink at any time. Ask for a 'nip' bottle—you'll find a wonderful strength in a small volume!

IND COOPE'S ARCTIC ALE BY THE BREWERS OF DOUBLE DIAMOND